# ESSAYS in VERSE,

ON

# VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

# VACUNALIA:

CONSISTING OF

# ESSAYS in VERSE,

ON

# VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

WITH

# SOME TRANSLATIONS.

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By the Rev. *EDWARD DAVIES*,

Lecturer of SODBURY.

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Auditis? an me ludit amabilis Insania? Hor.

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TO HIS GRACE,

# HENRY, DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

THAT *reſpect and eſteem which all ranks of people are zealous to teſtify for your Grace will beſt account for my ambition of placing the following eſſays under your protection.*

*The condeſcenſion with which you have been pleaſed to grant my requeſt is an inſtance of the manner in which you command* that eſteem, *even from thoſe who have not the honour to be perſonally known to your Grace.*

*It would be needleſs for me to tranſcribe from the page of hiſtory, thoſe heroic actions*

*which*

*which have diſtinguiſhed your family through a long line of anceſtry: ſuffice it to ſay, that thoſe virtues which adorn the Huſband, the Father, the Friend, and the Nobleman, never ſhone with a more tranſcendent luſtre than in your Grace's perſon.*

I have the honour to ſubſcribe myſelf

with profound reſpect,

Your Grace's moſt obliged,

and devoted humble Servant.

*EDWARD DAVIES.*

SODBURY, January 19th, 1788.

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As the Author lived at a Diſtance from the Preſs, ſome Errors have eſcaped; among which, the Reader is deſired to correct the following:

Page 3 line 2 for to, *read* and.
21 — in the Motto, for Aſperiſoribus, *r.* Aſperioribus
65 —17 for mov'd, *r.* mood.
103 — 1 for ſwain, *r.* ſwains.
129 — 5 for birds, *r.* herds.
133 —20 for , mark .
141 — 3 for thoſe, *r.* thou.
152 — laſt line, for ærial, *r.* aerial.
189 — 4 ſupply and
195 — 4 for ſhields, *r.* ſhield.

# ODE TO THE MUSE.

## WRITTEN IN THE TASTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Je goûte, loin des allarmes,
Des Muſes l'heureux loiſir;
Rien n'expoſe au bruit des armes
Mon ſilence et mon plaiſir.
Mon cœur, content de ma lyre,
A nul autre honneur n'aſpire
Qu'a chanter un ſi doux bien:
Loin, loin, trompenſe fortune
Et toi, favour importune,
Le monde entier ne m'eſt rien.

FENELON.

PALE Avarice—pain'd with endleſs thirſt!
And all thy train by furies nurſt—
Grim Diſcord, with her double tongue;
Mad Guilt, with boſom-vipers ſtung;
Envy, fell fiend, that ſquints awry;
And wakeful Care, with hollow eye!

Hence — from my peaceful walks! — remain
In ſome devoted traitor's brain;
Or, when th' inceſtuous wretch you find,
Fill, with golden dreams his mind,
While pirates, from the neighbouring ſhore,
Rifle all his hoarded ſtore.

No torture of the barbed dart,
Nor poiſon rankling at the heart,
Not crags that burn with ſulphur dire,
Not whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
Not floods of torrent lead, that ſweep
The damn'd to boiling eddies deep,
Can ſet a keener edge on pain
Than diſappointed luſt of gain:
The ſullen hopes of conſcious minds,
And what repenting Vengeance finds.

He, who graſp'd the bloody knife,
Or kindled realms to mutual ſtrife,
Shall feel the ſcorching torment roll
Outrageous, through his curſed ſoul.

But

But while theſe horrid fancies pleaſe
The breaſt of Innocence to Eaſe;
Inſtruct the eye to ſhift the ſcene,
Where ſtill new pleaſure may be ſeen,
And give the various proſpect round,
As Fancy's ſelf had mark'd the ground.

Gay-dimpling o'er the ſpangled ſtreams,
While zephyr plays with Pæan's beams,
Divine Companion! lovely Muſe!
Come, and thy balmy ſweets infuſe!
Fair Leiſure's child! ſerene delight!
O come, and bleſs my longing ſight!
Come, ſweeter than the breath of morn,
Gliding o'er the hay or corn;
Fairer than the ſolar ray,
Expanding on the virgin day!

Let gentle ſmiles adorn thy cheek,
Like ſober evening, calm and meek;
And fold thy robe of charming green,
Such as in yonder field is ſeen:

Thy treſſes bound with lovely blue,
Dipt in Heſper's freſheſt hue.

And bring the choral virgin band;
Let ſportive Fancy near thee ſtand,
Deck'd in her luxuriant pride;
Sedately thoughtful by her ſide,
Let ſolemn Meditation move,
And Pity — melting into Love,
With the firm boſom's mutual truſt,
And conſcience, ſpite of Intereſt, juſt;
Young Mirth — in thouſand liveries dight,
And Innocence in ſnowy white.

No broils or tumults can have place
Among thy fair, immortal race:
For ye, deſcending from above,
Bleſt the lone haunts of Eden's grove;
Nor thence, diſdainful, ſped your way
To regions of primeval day;
But ſtill rejoice whene'er you find
The pure, the unambitious mind:

And ever (while you deign to dwell
In the poor hermit's lonely cell)
Unfold the wonders of the ſky,
And help the pious ſoul to fly.
Come, then, and try the charming lays
'Midſt roſy walks and myrtle ſprays!
Thy haunts no chilly damps invade;
The nymphs around ſhall ſpread a ſhade:
Beneath, a mount ſhall ſlope on high,
Till the low vales in proſpect lie;
Where many a maid and many a ſwain
Are dancing on the rural plain,
With cowſlip-garlands round their head —
The pride of every vernal mead:
While tufted ſprays of hawthorn bloom
Welcome the May, and ſhed perfume.

There Colin, ſage, and Damon, gay,
Deceive, with ſongs, the live-long day;
And help the purling ſtreams to flow,
Or teach the bended ſhade to grow,

'Till the wide ſun, in purple weſt,
Calmy haſtens to his reſt:
And the birds on ev'ry tree,
Warble their ſylvan melody.

Meanwhile, the ſoft, Favonian gale,
Breathing odours from the vale,
Viſits every lovely flow'r
That drops from Chloris' golden ſtore —
The violet blue, the daiſy pied,
The pink in various beauty dy'd,
With ſweet-william's rich brocade,
Boſom'd up by many a maid,
The wild roſe, peeping from the brake,
And lily nodding o'er the lake,
Where the light bark's enamell'd pride
Skims along the level tide;
Fraught with many a beauty gay,
And Colinet, who knows to play
On the loud flute's melodious ſound,
'Till all the echoing rocks reſound.

Here may'ſt thou tell of noble things,
And ſweep the bold, harmonious ſtrings,
Vocal to the the Thunderer's name,
Or the glorious patriot's flame.

Old Arthur's mighty feats may ſound,
While his victorious knights, around,
Threaten, with indignant brow
Inſtant vengeance on the foe.

Whoever broke his country's chain,
Let him have thy boldeſt ſtrain;
Nor him, whoſe generous thrifty toil
Bids the reviving deſart ſmile;
Or calls down wiſdom from the ſky,
Wilt thou, the grateful ſtrain, deny.

Nor may we ſtop in proſpect long,
But mingle with the jovial throng,
When to the thicket ſhade they go,
To rouſe the leveret, couching low;

Or

Or when the nitrous thunder flies,
Glancing from the hollow ſkies,
To bring the pheaſant to the ground;
Or generous ſteed, with airy bound,
Clear the fence, and ſeem to gain,
At the next coil, the diſtant plain,
Where the ſtag, wide branching, ſprings
Before old Eurus' lagging wings;
Till, on the upland heath, he meet
Unwilling zephyrs breathing ſweet:
While the fleet hounds and merry horn
Arouſe the leaden pace of morn;
And, through the wood, ſhrill clamor ſwells,
Re-echo'd from the hollow dells.

And often through the valley ſtray,
Where the fragrant, new-mown hay,
Or Ceres, nodding with her weight,
Or bending orchards mellow freight
Employs the jolly rural croud,
While wanton jeſt, and laughter loud,

The amorous tale, or ſprightly air,
Unbends the rigid brow of care.

But if, amidſt a grave receſs,
Thou chooſe thy votive ſwain to bleſs;
Away—to yonder gurgling brook,
Beneath the ſhelving, moſſy nook:
There the ſtately elms aſcend,
And rows of browner beeches bend,
With tufted ivy creeping round;
There the bees with humming ſound,
Extract the balm from bough to bough,
Where twining honey-ſuckles grow,
And murm'ring ſtreamlets, as they fall,
To ſweetly-muſing ſlumber call.

Thus, gaily thoughtful, we'll enjoy
A lively eaſe, that will not cloy,
And (ſpite of Fortune) while we gain
The whole of life, except the pain;
Plung'd in amuſement, while we rove,
From ſhade to ſhade, amidſt the grove,

We'll often read his noble ſtory,
(The pride of ſong, and Albion's glory)
Who launch'd in unform'd night ſo far,
Creation ſeem'd a twinkling ſtar;
Then held the univerſe in view,
And thro' the blaze of Heaven flew.

Then learn the mighty heroes' lore
That ſwept the main, to Phrygia's ſhore;
And thoſe, of old, who taught to play
On oaten ſtop, the Doric lay;
'Till ſoon, the pleaſing ſcenes, we find
Like viſions, riſing on the mind,
And ſeem to hear Pelides rage,
Or ſee the warring Gods engage,
And count what valiant ſquadrons fall—
What mountains! round Apollo's wall.

There they pierce the gloom below—
Where Styx moves round with languid flow,
And cypreſs ſhades, with ſable gleam,
Hover on the mortal ſtream!

Lo!

Lo! in a ſhadowy, myrtle grove,
Eliza ſeeks her former love,
And, ſilent, bends away her eyes;
Here, ſee a mangled ſhade ariſe!
Thro' Stygian gloom, he fain would glide
His ignominious fate to hide:
Betray'd by Love, and baſely ſlain—
Hear, O hear the Prince complain!
Convuls'd with ſhame, and proud diſdain;
Hoarſe reſound his doleful numbers;
And here, in ſoft Elyſian ſlumbers,
The future glories of the earth,
Arm'd in terror, wait their birth.

And, what was told by modern times,
In wond'rous proſe, or myſtic rhymes,
Of maids that roam'd the deſart wild
(By treacherous Love, alas! beguild)
Where hideous monſters riſe to view,
And forms of horror, ever new;
'Till reſcu'd by the conq'ring knight,
With ported lance and armour bright,

May our regard at times command:
And many a maze in Fairy land,
With Spenſer ſage, we can't refuſe
To trace; or Avon's ſweeteſt Muſe—
Where the light fays are often ſeen
On riſing mount, or meadow green,
Beſide the lake or buſhes dank,
While moon-light ſleeps upon the bank,
Dancing in rings, 'till break of day,
Reſponſive to the rondelay.
Oft, thro' his magic ſcenes, we'll rove,
Where angry Prince, or maid of love,
Or huſband's rage, or orphan's cries,
Expoſe the heart and charm our eyes;
For there, great Nature ſtands confeſt,
And every paſſion moves undreſt.

Or, thro' the bow'ring grove we'll ſtray,
Amuſive, all the Summer's day,
If great Corneille a Leſſon give,
And bid the Roman grandeur live;

Or chaſte Racine, who knows t'impart
Each feeling of the human heart.

If chance thy wand'ring mind ſhould ſtray,
Where luring Syrens chaunt their lay;
Let Virtue's gale, and Reaſon's chain
Bear thee from the fatal main.

And, now and then, in paſſing by,
Thou mayſt throw a glancing eye
Upon the jarring maſs of ſtates,
Their projects, politics, debates:
Yet ſtand aloof, and ne'er engage
In the mad broils of party rage,
Nor touch vile Diſcord's venom'd pall:
So mayſt thou come improv'd from all;
And, like the bee, induſtrious, meet,
In pois'nous weeds, with balmy ſweet.

Oft, in a lonely, ſilent bower,
Where noon-day ſpreads a gloomy lowr,

Let me review this mortal frame—
Loſt in the thought of what I am!
How great, majeſtic, unconfin'd
The powers of th' ethereal mind—
That heav'n-born ſpirit, that can fly
Expanded thro' infinity;
And thence look down, with brave diſdain,
On all theſe cares and glories vain;
Honours and titles, crowns, and pow'r,
The gaudy pageants of an hour:
Pale melancholy, Joy that charms,
Sweet ſmiling Peace, and raging arms.—
All human life that ever flows
With ſhadowy comforts, ſolid woes.

Thence, to the ſolemn minſter go,
At eve, with meaſur'd pace and ſlow,
When riſing ghoſts, to guilty fear,
Glaring, in haggard forms, appear;
And, from the wall, each echo'd breath
Returns the dreadful name of death:

While

While pond'ring monuments around,
And the ſlow mattock, under ground,
Bid the mould'ring ſculls give room
To other tenants of the tomb.
Hither I'll come, and oft ſurvey,
My cold, long home, my native clay;
And weigh the ſplendor of the proud,
With the dark pall, and fun'ral ſhroud.

Theſe bones—this precious duſt I take
(While on ſhort life's tempeſtous lake)
To ballaſt well my little ſail
From the fury of the gale.

Methinks, while muſing thus I ſtand,
Death's gloomy Angel graſps my hand,
And tells me, glaring in my face—
"Mortal, behold thy reſting-place!"

Nor ſtartle, Muſe, when thou art led
Among the manſions of the dead:

Awful

Awful, tho' the ſcene appear,
The Chriſtian meets it void of fear.

Whatever chance my life attend,
Still come along, thou pleaſing friend,
And ſhield me from unbleſt deſpair,
From horrid guilt, and pining care;
And let my ſilent journey be
From party rage and buſtle free:
My heart ſtill glowing for my friend,
My tongue unſkilful to offend,
Ever unbias'd of the throng,
Tuning at eaſe my rural ſong:
And let my warmeſt homage riſe,
Not ungrateful, to the ſkies.

# IRREGULAR ODE

## TO RESIGNATION.

Non ſunt apta meæ grandia, vela rati. PROPERT.

O YE that us'd my infant ſoul to bleſs!
Ye flattering dreams of happineſs,
Tell me whither are ye fled,
And left, for ever left, my weary head,
Unſhelter'd by that hoſpitable ſhade,
Which Hope and chearful Patience made,
And ſhew'd ſo fair to view?
Alas, how far from true
Thoſe fond ideas dear
That lur'd my tender youth,
With gaudy ſhew of truth!
Kind love, and friends ſincere,
Ambition's generous aim,
And the ſweet hope of long remaining fame,

Farewell!
Your vain purſuit I now reſign:
To fly the frowns of Care be mine,
Beneath ſome lonely cell.
When firſt this being I receiv'd,
Ah me! too happily deceiv'd,
Enrapt in ſlumber ſoft I lay,
Amid the pleaſures of a fancied day,
Beneath the radiance of a cloudleſs ſky,
Where blooming Virtue roſe to view,
With all her charming train:
I love her form, and eagerly purſue
(Ah me how ſadly vain!)
Dark clouds and tempeſts riſe:
The ſcene ſo gay
Flies faſt away,
And in thin air eludes my gazing eyes.
Now, waking in a world of woe,
Whither can I for comfort go?
As in a troubled ocean, toſſing high,
I feel the billows of adverſity.

Dear

Dear love of life, and foſtering hope,
Shall I for ever give you up,
And plunge into the ſurge!—ah no!
Though ſmall, yet large enough for me
(Toſt on the world's tempeſtuous main)
Methinks a peaceful ſpot I ſee;
If *that* I can but gain,
I'll there contented dwell,
And to th' incautious youth my former dangers tell.
Like them I thought (as yet I was a child,
By many a dream of happineſs beguil'd)
Borne in the gale of fair renown,
To leave the peaceful ſtrand!
Ah me! in vain I wiſh'd, in vain I toil'd:
Dangers alone I found, and ſavage rocks at hand!
No more I'll ſpread my ſail,
Nor truſt the flattering gale,
Nor (while the billows ſleep)
Forget how childleſs mothers weep:

I'll venture out no more,
Where angry tempeſts roar
And harrow up the deep,
Or daſh the bark againſt the rocky ſhore.
Here ſhall my days, in calm content,
My nights, in ſafe repoſe be ſpent,
From ſtorms of diſcord far:
Secure from danger, I ſhall view
(The firſt of bleſſings known to few)
How Honor's glittering ſtar,
And vain Ambition, with her doubtful ray,
Decoy the hapleſs mariner aſtray,
And leave him on the wild, inhoſpitable ſea.
Far, far from ev'ry port,
Of barbarous winds the ſport:
'Till (flung on ſhelves the pilot's curious eye
Could never yet deſcry)
Down to the oozy deep his hopes deſcend,
And all his hapleſs comrades rend,
With one loud ſhriek, the troubled air;
A ſhriek unheard by any pitying ear,
For idle billows roar
Above that head that feels their rage no more.

# O W E N:

## A POEM.

WRITTEN BY MORGAN AP JORWERTH AP DEWI, A WELCH TELYNWYR OR MINSTREL.

———Teneræ nimis
Mentes aſperiſoribus
Firmandæ ſtudiis. HOR.

COME to my hand, my Cambrian harp, reſound
The fame of Owen. From the fives-court he
Glorious returns, ſhrin'd in a duſty cloud.
The hero brings, deep nodding o'er his brow,
The garland—keen his eye—his foot outſtrips
Briſk Eurus, and the racket loves his hand.
By his bold gait I know him, while I peep,
With low-arch'd eye, over the Cambrian lyre
On Honddus' bank, ſtooping, intent to trace

The

The ſoul of muſic, that divinely flies
From ſtring to ſtring. Around, his friends, as night,
Move clam'rous, ſhould'ring to his preſence—prone,
They gaze, admiring, and repeat the tale,
Echoing, with twirling hat, the jovial ſhout,
Whilſt old Brechinia's walls return the ſound.

'Tis thine, O myſtic ſong, to fix the name
Of Kings immortal, and enthrone the bold
Warrior in terror and deſpair, and pour
Confuſion through his foes, and, with his fame,
Scare, for a thouſand years, earth's puny ſons.
'Tis thine to call down Wiſdom from the ſky,
From Jove's imperial throne. There long ſhe dwelt,
Sporting with radiant light, till thou didſt bring
Down from yon azure vault, th'ethereal flame,
To teach bold arts, wide ſhining through the world,
The comfort and delight of mortal men.

Now

Now, out of date, theſe cumb'rous themes
are grown.
Strain, then, my harp, a bolder note and tell
The generous Briton ſwain, the ſturdy boaſt
Of future ages, how great Owen's heart
Bounded at Morgan's voice, when proud of
ſkill,
He call'd him, emulous, to the whirling ball.
He glories in the conteſt—forth he ſprings,
As to the battle ſprings the champing ſteed,
Impatient: long he wiſh'd his ſkill to try.

Now, in the court, the even ball is thrown
Quick-bounding—high the rackets wave, well
brac'd,
In either champion's hand—As when a ſtorm
Sonorous on Honddu's ſteep, this way and that
Bends the dark oaks, with all their tangled
boughs;
They graſp the moſſy rock—maintain their
ground
Firm—and defeat old Auſter's ſcowling rage;
Thus,

Thus, mov'd by mutual glee, th' impatient croud
Ruſh to the glorious ſight, while mutual weight,
Fixt in their place, ſupports them. Down they fling
The golden gage. From the grey ſtone, it bounds,
Reſplendent with the form of Kings, and old
Albion's atchievments fair. Without delay,
Flew to a hundred fobs a hundred hands:
A hundred ſilver orbs appear. They give
The pledge of faith: The uſeleſs garb is flung,
Regardleſs;--forth they come. The lot decides
The houſe to Morgan, David's mighty ſon.
Hark the bold onſet! Morgan's proweſs ſtrikes
The flying ball. Whirling, it curves aloft,
From the hard rampart, as the lightning's glance,
Yet could it not eſcape the nervous ſwing
Of Owen, Howell's ſon: With level'd force,
He turn'd the globe, and roſe the burſting cheer:
Loud, thro' the vaulted walls, reſults the ſound.

Now

Attentive now each gazing eye obſerves
The heroes' forms quick-bolting, as the glance
Sulphurious, whirling from the pitchy cloud.
By turns their feats amaze the throng. Now mounts
The brawney arm, the hiſſing racket ſwings.
The anxious croud, bent from the turret's verge,
Or Gam's brown wall, gaze, dubious. Silent now,
They wait the great event: Now every eye
Hangs on his champion; every heart is toſs'd
By hope and fear, as, on the hoary deep,
The waves, confounded by th' inconſtant blaſt.
At ev'ry ſtroke (momentous was the chance!)
The name of Owen, or great David's ſon,
Sounds to the diſtant Van*. Scarce was there known
(Tho' great in ſtory were Brechinia's race)
Such matchleſs deeds, within thoſe haughty walls,



*A high mountain near Brecon.

Since fierce Elfleda ſat before their tow'rs,
Portending battles dire. Then, in mid air,
If true the voice of fame, o'er Honddu's vale,
Conflicting arrows kindled as they flew.
Then too, from the red rock, a fragment huge
Roll'd overwhelming, and the Saxon ranks
Broke, as it thunder'd down the craggy ſteep.
The mountains heard the ruin. Much diſmay'd,
Th' indignant Queen her miniſh'd ſquadrons form'd.
Still, ſtill, the conflict rages. Now intent
On victory, the ſilent heroes burn.
Shame, with her down-caſt eye, and timorous pace,
Of all ſhe meets diſtruſtful, from behind
Stings them, and, blazing gorgeous in their face,
Ambition proud, with out-ſtretch'd wings, ſtood rais'd
High on her lofty feet, and, with her voice,
Of things impoſſible provokes th' attempt.

Then

Then Owen gave a mighty ſtroke: His arm
Sinewy aroſe. Ah who can match the ſon
Of Howel! as a ſhooting ſtar, the ball
Glows in its courſe. Then dark-hair'd Morgan ſprung,
Like a bold eagle, vaulting thro' the air,
Furious he met the ſhooting orb—ah me!
In vain did he oppoſe the racket's weight,
Tho' doubly brac'd, and bound with claſps of ſteel.
The orb ſmote through, and from the burſting thong
Flew devious, like a bullet from the bore
Of piſtol dire, the dread of wealthy churl:
When night adventurer, in the narrow lane
Meets him, or dreary heath, devote to ſpoil:
Thus, from its mark, was bent the whizzing ball;
Nor idly dropt, full in the face it glanc'd
Of John Ap Jenkin, juſt where he receiv'd
The vital gift of Ceres. Through, it cruſh'd
The pliant lips, and broke his ſolid hedge

Of teeth. Nor did it ſpare his liquid tongue,
Which loud and ceaſeleſs fill'd the tortur'd air
With boaſting vain. The bubbling gore de-
form'd
(Such gore as flows from cowards' tumid veins)
His countenance, long-arching: And though
vain
Of mickle ſkill, he left his glorious ſtand,
Retiring, ere he could decide the day.
Totter'd his limbs;—his heart within him fell.
Away he bent: His grey diſtorted eyes
Glimmer'd, half cloſing in the ſhades of death.
The throng, loud laughing, hold their ſides; the crack,
Hoarſe, to the hills reſults, and ſhakes the
ground.

Now ſee the heroes' manly port! They march
From ſide to ſide, cover'd with glorious duſt,
Their eyes flame with deſire of victory,
While their great hearts, with generous envy,
weigh

Each

Each other: For, as yet, the fatal ſcale
Doubtfully nodded, pendent, in the clouds.
Breathing from toil, they make a grateful pauſe.
The gazing throng contemplate, with delight,
Their ſkill, and of their might the wonders vaſt.

So let our youth confirm their ſturdy joints.
So let them learn activity, and dare
Th' inſulting foe, intrepid, and inure
Their minds to toil. Thus ſhall the hoſtile ports
Behold our ſquadrons, and our thunders dread.
Thus, in the field of battle ſhall we hew
The iron ranks; the Gallic queues ſhall drop,
Like ſtubble, crackling in the greedy flame.
So let them thirſt for victory, and burn,
Emulous, and joy in hardſhip. Then the foe
Shall melt, like pliant wax, and far aloof,
Regard the fury of their horrent arms.
Thou, ſon of Howel, and bold Morgan, thou
Would's never ſhew the foe that giant back.

See now the game renew! David's brave
ſon,
Arm'd with a ſounding racket, takes his ſtand.
Inconſtant fortune (who can truſt her ſmile!)
Look'd bland upon her favorite, Morgan's
ſkill:
Long did he triumph, bold, in deeds that far
Surpaſs my laboring verſe, and now well nigh
Seiz'd on his fame: The friends of Owen
writh'd
With dark deſpair; clinch'd were their fiſts;
their teeth
Gnaſh'd horrid; wild their eyes; indignant
ſounds
Growl'd in their throats: nor was the cham-
pion bold
Unſhaken. Shame advances in his ken;
Peeps in his face, and grins an envious ſmile.
He ſtrikes the thund'ring ſtroke. O Morgan,
why
Waſt thou tranſported with triumphant hopes!
Why did preſumption make thee mad, to
ſtrain Thine

Thine arm, incautious — with diſhoneſt toil
To blind thine eyes, affecting more than man?
Victory, doubtful, hovers in the air,
High o'er their favor'd heads; and now, to this,
To that, the glorious garland, now extends.
Lo, the deciſive ſtroke! there Owen's arm
Thunder'd: the ſon of David nimbly darts,
As the fledg'd arrow whizzing from the nerve;
Yet could he not return the ball; it mounts
O'er the grey battlements, with whiſtling ſpeed
Quick vaniſh'd from the ken of mortal eyes.
Thus Boly's famous maſterpiece was loſt
On earth, long ſince, by optic tube deſcry'd,
And deem'd a watry globe behind the ſun.
Unequal'd ball! 'twas honour'd with the game
Of Owen, and of Morgan, David's heir;
Now, conſecrate to fame, it ne'er might be
Diſgrac'd, by other hand of mortal wight.
Now ſhout for victory, great Owen's friends!
Nor thou dejected go, Morgan, nor mourn

For

For the loſt day. Though fortune turn'd
adverſe,
'Twas loſt with honour; but with glory won.

Owen, thou great deſcendant of the might
Of Howel! Hero of the fives-court! crown
Of fair Brechinia! of Silurian ſwains,
Thou roſe! think not thy merit e'er ſhall die.
My Cambrian harp, long as my thumb can
move,
Shall know thy name. Loud are the ſtrings,
they ſound
'Till future ages hear. Meanwhile the gay
Wattonian nymphs revere thee, and ſhall
meet,
With equal ſpring, thy love. Thy glorious
game
Fancy ſhall oft repeat, while o'er their taſks,
The College boys (dear mates of Morgan's
youth!)
Yawn, longing for the hour of play; and
while
At eve, the graces haunt the priory groves.

And, Owen, truſt the harp, ſhe will purſue
Through life's long maze, thy glorious track, and raiſe
Thy father from the tomb; with muſcles bold,
Dreadful will clothe, and brace his manly limbs
With iron ſinews: ſuch the hero wore
In William's train, when daunted rebels fled,
As from the fowler's net, the partridge crew
Flies whizzing, horrent of the fatal gun.

# THE JAIL:

## A POEM.

BY THE SAME.

Οστις δ' ἀνάγκη συϛεχώρηκε καλῶς,
Σοφὸς παρ' ἡμῖν. EPICT.

Na chabled neb yr eiddo,
Ni wna les drwg-obeithio. TALIESSIN.

WHILE other Bards, in feeling ſtrains, rehearſe
The joys of Bacchus, or the leering eye
Of Phillis, and the dear, delightful haunts
Of Bath or Tunbridge, (happy themes!) and eke
The gardens, op'ra, ball, and maſquerade;
I ſing a bolder lay—Of Liberty
Regain'd, and teach the thriftleſs elf to hold
Unvanquiſh'd, though by human ills aſſail'd,

Vain phantoms, that deceive th' unweeting eye,
And paint, in circumſtance, the bliſs that dwells
Deep in the ſoul, nor thence can be remov'd,
By ſullen care. Hence I my jolly theme
Purſue, and joy to find a goodly ſpring
Untaſted; hence my lofty rhyme extols
This home of envy'd worth, yclep'd a *Jail*.

And thou, O Goddeſs (ſince in thee began
Many a proud lording, and ſhall end in thee,
When courts, and pimps, and gaming pleaſe no more)
Be preſent to my ſong—inſpire thy bard,
O POVERTY! thou only canſt inſpire.
Thou teacheſt oft the nobleſt arts, and thou
Rewardeſt; but the wretch of narrow ſoul—
The crafty knave, thy preſence ſhall not know.
No empty name art thou (like that old Muſe,
The dream of youthful bard, by haunted brook,

Or

Or grove, where ſacred oaks embow'ring meet
O'er ſhelving rocks, and in their ſhade detain
Coy Echo, lovely nymph!) thy preſent pow'r
I feel—thy conſtant influence attends
The true-born Briton, whoſe unpliant ſoul,
Averſe to flatt'ry, and to pimping, leans
On his own merit. This recluſe abode
Is thine; and here thou ſpread'ſt thy ſober wing
With greateſt majeſty, and reign'ſt alone.
Since, then, thy bounty brought me here; unblam'd
May I the myſt'ries of thy inmoſt fane
Diſcloſe, and ſing the glory of thy throne.
And let me firſt ſurvey the ſolemn wall,
The horrid grate, and couch of matted ſtraw,
Which, oft the weſtern gale that fans the grove,
Scatters, in many a whirl, around my hall,
Undeck'd with idle ſtate.—Fair ſpot! where dwells

No

No caitiff fierce—no miſer heaping gold,
Nor faithleſs plodder! O how falſely deem'd
The houſe of bondage! Hail—thou haunt of Peace!
Thou ſacred refuge, hail! theſe maſſy bars
Guard well th' unwarlike elf, and keep aloof
Thoſe ſtrange, portentous monſters who aſſail
Our liberty, and fill the hero's ſoul
With huge diſmay. As when a caravan,
In Perſia's waſte, or wild Arabia's ſands,
Benighted, rear a wall of fire around
Their camp, ſecure of harm—the ravening wolf
And prowling bear full oft ſurround the plain
With rage, nor dare aſſail the guarded field.
So, far aloof, hovers the catchpole dire;
Nor tempts the precincts of thoſe ſacred walls.

But through what errors are poor mortals led!
Malignant prejudice preſents the croud
With horrent images, unſeemly forms

Of

Of bondage—galling chains, and pining want.
O fools, to heed the glozing monſter's ſpite!
O mad, to think that liberty conſiſts
In trampling the vile earth, uncertain where
To wander—horrent of the whiſling breeze:
With wiſhes now, and now with fears oppreſt!
Man's liberty dwells in the thought of man,
In the unbounded ſoul, that knows to ken,
With equal view, the ſpacious world; beyond
The reach of Fear; where ev'n perfidious Hope
Is baniſh'd; neither Love nor Hate moleſts,
Nor Prejudice nor Intereſt can ſhake
His equal empire over life and death.

Here all the pinching night, tho' lazy ſleep
Be far, I need not dread the frequent knock,
The roar of angry creditor, and eyes
Wide-rolling, curious o'er my viſible walls,
In queſt of prey. Nor can the lawyer's ſpell,
Or ſtaff of catchpole, dire magician, charm
My timorous feet, or move a tempeſt huge,

By myſtic words, to ſweep my poor effects
With "*once gone---twice gone---thrice gone*--ſtrike away."

Here no inchantment dwells—this hallow'd ground
Confirms my breaſt. I lift a ſtedfaſt eye;
Nor ſtart and tremble at a former friend.

Here is not known the peſt, which oft embroils
Proud monarchs, decks the tawdry nymph, and fights
The wars of Pam and Ombre bold: Nor here,
Should mortal wight, by chance, miſtake his good,
On ſeeing, thro' the grate, a ſmoaking pye,
Or loaf, alluring to the vacant taſte,
And covet money; could his planning mind
Procure the treacherous miſchief.—Here I taſte
Dinners of former days, and feel, in ſpite

Of

Of tatter'd galligaſkins—genial warmth,
From coats, devour'd by time; nor dread the ſtep
Of teazing taylor, or the barber's bill.

O happy turn of fate! (and truſt the bard,
For what I felt I ſing) much happier now,
Than when, with doubtful tread, I crept, and peep'd,
Timorous, from ſide to ſide—perceiv'd a dun,
With ſtedfaſt glare, before me; but, ah me!
Where could I turn! the bailiff lurk'd behind,
A tyger fierce, low-couching for his prey.
But when, by lucky chance, I reach'd the door,
With fluttering heart, and puſh'd the nimble bolt,
I lurk'd within, like coy Nyctimene,
Or worry'd ſtag, and ſhun'd the open air.
Oft times I thought of friendly nooſe, or ſtream
Profluent, or, from the attic window, view'd

The giddy height, and long'd, a Leſbian ſwan,
To tempt the liquid air, and fly my woes.
O raſh, preſumptuous thought! I had not learnt
That human ills are Fancy's children vain!
When dire neceſſity compell'd, with care,
And many a cautious peep, I turn'd the hinge.
Anxious I ſlunk from ſtreet to ſtreet, and quick
Turn'd dubious, dreading ev'ry face unknown,
And ſweat foreboding: So the caitiff, doom'd
To move in tainted air, ſcarce dares to draw
The breath of life, leſt death ſhould entrance find.

At laſt, compell'd, with humble ſuit, t'implore
The 'Squire, for coin, long earn'd by diligence
And labour—huge he riſes in my view;
Puffs out his haughty ſides, and ſtern, contracts
His brow terrific: Loud as thunders groan

In

In ſable cloud, I heard his deep'ning voice,
Bellowing full many a threat. Inane, he thruſt
My ſhivering carcaſe on the wintry night,
Wond'ring that ſuch a caitiff e'er ſhould learn
Preſumptuous, thus, t' intrude upon his peace.
Much I admir'd his treatment. Ah! how chang'd,
Thought I, from him, who late, with ſmiles, employ'd
This hand, and made me hope for mighty things.
Pale and diſconſolate, I totter'd home
To my poor dwelling; and with ſighs ſecur'd
The hated door: Acroſs the wakeful couch
I threw me, liſtning to the nightly breeze.
'Twas dark—all nature ſunk in deep repoſe.
No voice diſturb'd the air, ſave the ſteep rill
That tumbles o'er the craggy rock, and thou,
Fair bird of night, that from the ivy tower,
Now warbleſt ſweet thy melancholy ſtrain.
And now the watchful creditor, at eaſe,

Stretch'd on his bed, dreams of returning gold.
But I (who, rack'd with care, and parch'd
with thirſt,
Steal to the ſtream to get a liquid hauſt)
With horrid dreams am ſcar'd, tho' void of
ſleep;
Scar'd with a dreadful wanderer of the night,
Real or viſionary, 'tis not known:
But, like a giant catchpole, high he roſe:
His tread I could not hear:—full oft he ſeem'd
To ſtretch his fatal hand—ſtill, ſtill he ſmil'd,
And ſtalk'd before me: Sill his glaring eyes
Their influence darted thro' my inmoſt ſoul.
Aghaſt I ſtood; my hair erect: And down,
From out my trembling hand, with hideous
cruſh,
The pitcher fell. Away the diſmal form
Glided, obſcure, and mix'd with ſhades of
night.
The omnious viſion, in my flutt'ring breaſt,
Sad, I conceal'd, waiting the dire event.

When

When clam'rous creditor, with day, return'd·
I copy'd what I could (my laſt reſource)
The 'Squire's dreadful frown: But ill my cheſt
Fill'd the big tone, I ſhrunk: My limber hams,
Unmanly, bent. Th' inſulting elf beheld
Confuſion in my face, and foul diſmay.
Strait, at his heels, two forms of haggard port
Start forth; aloft they rear their direful fangs,
And ſeize, with eager gripe, an eaſy prey.

Thus an imprudent ſchool-boy dares provoke,
In meadow wide, a raging bull, and truſt
A thin device (by which the tinker ſcar'd
A piteous cur) deluded—high he throws
His coat, revers'd, and growls, with feigned note;
Moving with backward ſtep, and dangling phiz,
Ridiculous; but ſtill the raging foe
Approaches, ſnuffs the air, and tears the ground,

And

And aims the deadly horn; when now, too late,
The hapleſs wight regrets the wretched wile.

Why ſhould I tell what torture I ſuſtain'd,
Imprudent? For I knew not half the peace,
The comforts of a jail. Here, with huge joy,
I find my comrades dear—the ſage divine
(Deep learn'd, in uſeful lore, of noble pow'rs
To form the morals, by his golden rule
And bright example) here has found a home.
No good œconomiſt—his ſoaring mind
Was wrapt in other themes, nor could he clear,
With thirty annual pounds, his annual charge.
He ſcorn'd to *touch* a patron, or to paint,
In gaudy hues, a worthleſs tool of ſtate;
But, firm in principle, he would not doubt
To bleed, a martyr to his ſacred cauſe:
Therefore his country, in his utmoſt need,
(O matchleſs charity of Chriſtian men!)
Found him a houſe. And here I alſo find
Th' induſtrious father of a num'rous race,

Whom

Whom thou, great Poverty, with toil, didſt bend,
And force, indignant to thy happy fold.
Long, he oppos'd, with many a fruitleſs art,
Thy blandiſhments, by riſing, ere the lark
Unfurl'd his dewy wing, with labour hard,
And ſcant refreſhment, wearing out the day,
'Till ſilent Heſper dipt into the wave.
But, aye prevented by thy truſty band
Of diſappointments, and of loſſes ſore,
Inert he fell, diſtrain'd in every nerve,
And breathleſs, with the combat long ſuſtain'd.
Here, many more, of mickle note, are found.
Hither, from uſurer's gripe, the widow comes,
Nor longer hears her ſtarving orphan's cries.
Nor muſt he be forgot, where, high, ſupreme,
The old, grey officer ſits, cow'ring huge,
With locks, thin waving, in the whiſtling blaſt,
Zealous for Britain's glory: much his grief,
Should mortal wight affirm the dubious fate
Of Jerſey, Boſton or old Gibraltar.
He thinks on former days; and ſhews his ſcars,

Frowning

Frowning tremendous, ridgy o'er his brow.
He glories in his ſhorten'd noſe, his hand
Reft of a thumb, and foot that ſtumps the ground,
Unequal: oft with deep, ſonorous voice,
Repeats his martial fame; how fierce he preſs'd,
Mounted the breach, and burſt through ſtorms of fire,
And urg'd the foe, confounded, to forſake
Their ſilent thunders and proud banners vain;
Trophies for Britons bold — His mighty ſoul
Rekindles: round he throws his threatning eye,
The ſingle remnant of the griding blade,
And pants for arms, and rears the knotty hand,
And ſeems, in ſpite of Albion's milder laws,
Dealing revenge and ruin on the foe.
Thus he ſupports the lofty ſoul, the breaſt
Of conſcious virtue, and the ſteady brow.
As one who practic'd long, in rural town,
To live paſt ages o'er, and ſhew the croud,

In

In pompous ſock, the chiefs of Greece and Rome,
And thoſe, of yore, whom duſky Lybia fam'd
For deathleſs deeds, with diadem adorn'd,
Swells high the lofty ſoul, to fill the ſcene.
On morrow morning, when his regal ſway
Is over, and the monarch now depos'd,
He marches huge to buy a butter roll
For breakfaſt, and ſubdue dire hunger's pow'r
Victorious; ſtill his Majeſty he holds
With doubtful ſway—tho' reft of pow'r, maintains
Big word, and meaſur'd ſtep, and mounting eye;
Nor can the beggar quite depoſe the king.

Though much remain unſung, I here might bate
At noon, but thou, indulgent pow'r, doſt keep
Aloof, all other cares — no muddy hauſt
Of beer, no dinner which conſumes the time

Of idlers, interrupts my favourite theme.
O privilege that muſt not be forgot!
O happineſs, to breathe in ſuch a ſtate,
Where this, ſo kind aſylum is prepar'd
For thoſe who ſerve it beſt! The fool, the knave
Who merit well ſuch toil—far hence, are preſt
With cumb'rous wealth, like aſſes, doom'd to bear
Unweeting, unenjoyed, rich pearl and gold,
Embroid'ry fair, and ſtars, and orient belts,
Emblems of honour; much I err, if thoſe
Dread not, with waking eyes, the nightly thief,
And ſhrink, unſeemly, when th' adventrous knight,
With piſtol cock'd, and thund'ring oath demands
Their ſmuggled pelf; while honeſt wight goes by
Regardleſs, for his pockets are ſincere
Of ſordid gold. But here in guiſe obſcure,
The great in arts and arms repoſe, while men

Of

Of ſober courage, (who can wiſely ſpare
Their country's blood, and plow the ſpacious main,
At equal diſtance, from th' inſulting foe,)
Graſp our dread bolts, and teach the timid crew
To gaze, familiar on our pendants fair.
With prudent art they ſave our navy, ſtrong,
Undamag'd; and, for love of Britain's weal,
Had rather furl their ſails, and cede them clear
To Gallia's ſons, than tear with fire and ball
Their rigging, that might better be redeem'd.
Let ſuch purſue their game; why ſhould we eye
With envy, whom we could not imitate?

While thus I trace the lofty theme, theſe vaults
Supply, with cadences and echoing ſound,
The abſent lyre, which ſtill my fingers ſeek
Deluded, and in broken ſlumbers ſtrike

To ſounds harmonious, while the jocund
ſwains,
At Gwenddor's wake, torment the thun'dring
floor.
But ah! no more, dear Jenkin's ſacred gift,
Shall I reviſit! now detain'd in pawn
By ruthleſs landlord, for the length'ning ſcore
Of potent ale — O may no ruſtic hand
Thrum the ſmooth ſtrings or force the tune-
ful key!
May none, Ah me! the lovely tone profane.
O chearful harp! ſtill muſt I think of thee,
Though here I dwell, ſequeſter'd and forgot,
For now, from toil I reſt, my Britiſh ſongs
Unfiniſh'd, float in many an idle ſheet.
Dunwal of other days, Owen, and he
Who feaſted long the loyal ſwains, in proud
Brechinia's vale — are robb'd of all their fame.
Thus far, O POVERTY, thy lateſt gift,
Grateful, I ſing: accept the humble lay!
Since in thy fane, 'till nature's lamp is ſpent,
I have the glorious privilege aſſign'd,
T' eſcape the ſcorn and pity of the world.

# ODE:

PAR L'AUTEUR DU

# TELEMAQUE.

I.

MONTAGNES, * de qui l'audace
Va porter juſques aux cieux
Un front d'éternelle glace,
Soutien du ſejour des Dieux ;
Deſſus vos têtes chenuës,
Je cuille au-deſſus des nuës
Toutes les fleurs du printems :
A mes pieds, contre la terre,
J'entens gronder le tonnerre,
Et tomber mille torrens.

II.

*Montagnes d'Auvergne où il étoit alors.

A

# TRANSLATION

OF

## *FENELON's*

## MONTAGNES DE QUI L'AUDACE.

I.

YE mountains, whoſe aſpiring brow
Suſtains the Heav'n's ſtupendous weight--
Whoſe front of ever-during ſnow
Swells an unmeaſurable height!
Advanc'd above your arduous pride—
Higher than clouds and tempeſts ride,
The faireſt flowers of Spring I meet:
Below, I hear, but far below,
A thouſand echoing torrents flow,
And thunders growl beneath my feet.

II.

II.

Semblables aux monts de Thrace,
Qu'un géant audacieux
Sur les autres monts entaſſe
Pour eſcalader les cieux,
Vos ſommets ſont des campagnes
Qui portent d'autres montagnes ;
Et s'élevant par degrez,
De leurs orgueilleuſes têtes
Vont affronter les tempêtes
De tous les vents conjurez.

III.

Dès que la vermeille aurore
De ſes feux étincelans
Toutes ces montagnes dore,
Les tendres agneaux bêlans
Errent dans les pâturages :
Bientôt les ſombres bocages,
Plantes le long des ruiſſeaux,
Et que les Zéphirs agitent,
Bergers & troupeaux invitent
A dormir au bruit des eaux.

II.

Ev'n as the lofty hills of Thrace,
Which Earth's bold ſons eſſay'd to riſe
With Oſſa rear'd on Pelion's baſe,
Aſſailing Jove's imperial ſkies;
So your ſtrong ſides and lofty top
Another range of mountains prop:
Hills pil'd on hills, the ſtars they gain:
Tempeſts, in cloſe battalion led,
In vain aſſault their lofty head:
The roaring winds conſpire in vain.

III.

Soon as the morning's orient ray,
Sprinkled with roſy dew, expands,
Clothing the hills with golden day—
Along the fields and meadow lands
The little bleating lambkins rove,
While ſloping mount and darkling grove
That nods beſide the ſilver ſtreams,
And balmy zephyrs, as they blow,
From tree to tree, from bough to bough,
Invite ſoft ſleep and pleaſing dreams.

IV.

Mais dans ce rude payſage
Où tout eſt capricieux,
Et d'une beauté ſauvage,
Rien ne rappelle à mes yeux
Les bords que mon fleuve arroſe,
Fleuve, où jamais le vent n'oſe
Les moindres flots ſoulever,
Où le ciel ſerein nous donne
Le printems après l'automne,
Sans laiſſer place à l'Hyver.

V.

Solitude, * où la riviere
Ne laiſſe entendre autre bruit,
Que celui d'une onde claire
Qui tombe, écume, & s'enfuit;
Où deux iſles fortunées,
De rameaux verds couronnées,
Font pour le charme des yeux
Tout ce que le cœur deſire:
Que ne pius-je ſur ma lyre
Te chanter du chant des Dieux? VI.

* Carenac, petite Abbaye ſur la Dordogne qu'il avoit alors.

IV.

But, while I wondring gaze around
O'er all this vaſt romantic ſcene,
With ſavage beauty gaily crown'd,
Each object paints before mine eyne
The ſmooth Dordogne's enchanting vale—
Delightful ſtream! no ruder gale
Can once diſturb its poliſh'd face:
There temp'rate ſkies for ever bring
To Autumn's fruit, ſucceeding Spring;
Nor give the ſhiv'ring Winter place.

V.

Dear Solitude! my fav'rite theme,
Where nothing elſe is heard around
But the ſoft breeze—the daſhing ſtream
Which falls and runs with echoing ſound:
And here two iſlands of the bleſt
Appear, with vivid branches dreſt,
To charm the eyes, the heart to cheer:
Dear Solitude! of thee I'll ſing,
To thee I'll touch the trembling ſtring,
In ſtrains that Gods might joy to hear.

VI.

De Zéphir la douce haleine,
Qui reverdit nos buiſſons,
Fait ſur le dos de la plaine
Flotter les jaunes moiſſons,
Dont Cérès emplit nos granges.
Bacchus lui-même aux vendanges
Vient empourprer le raiſin ;
Et du penchant des collines,
Sur les campagnes voiſines
Verſe des fleuves de vin.

VII.

Je vois au bout des campagnes
Pleines de ſillons dorez,
S'enfuir vallons & montagnes
Dans des lointains azurez,
Dont la bizarre figure
Eſt un jeu de la nature.
Sur les rives du Canal,
Comme en un miroir fidelle,
L'horiſon ſe renouvelle,
Et ſe peint dans ce criſtal.

VI.

Soft-breathing Zephyr o'er the plain
Viſits the earth, no longer old,
Bids the dead plants revive again,
And turns our harveſts into gold,
Whence bounteous Ceres fills our ſtores:
Meanwhile the jolly Bacchus pours
Into the grape the juice divine,
Then from the ſlow deſcending hills,
Or neighbouring vales, our vats he fills
With copious rivers running wine.

VII.

Far o'er the diſtant plains I view
(Where rows of gilded ridges riſe)
The leſſen'd hills of duſky hue,
Mix with the horizontal ſkies—
Romantic proſpects—fancy's play—
Preſent the face of Nature gay:
Where yon canal extended lies,
Reflected from the watry waſte,
With many a pendent meteor grac'd,
The azure ſheen delights our eyes.

VIII.

Avec les fruits de l'Automne
Sont les parfums du printems,
Et la vigne ſe couronne
De mille feſtons pendans;
Ce fleuve aimant les prairies,
Qui dans des iſles fleuries
Ornent ſes canaux divers,
Par des eaux ici dormantes,
Là rapides & bruyantes,
En baigne les tapis verds.

IX.

Danſant ſur les violettes,
Le berſer mêle ſa voix
Avec le ſon des muſettes,
Des flûtes & des hautbois.
Oiſeaux, par votre ramage,
Tous ſoucis dans ce bocage
De tous cœurs ſont effacez,
Colombes, & tourterelles,
Tendres, plaintives, fidelles,
Vous ſeules y gémiſſez.

VIII.

Not fruitful Autumn comes alone:
With him, the ſweets of April join.
And while a thouſand cluſters crown,
With luſcious pride, the curling vine;
This ſtream, that loves the meadow grounds,
And many a flow'ry iſle ſurrounds
Meand'ring ſtill with myſtic ring,
Here, gently laves the ſmiling ſhore,
There—thund'ring down with hollow roar,
Through all the valley pours the ſpring.

IX.

Dancing along the graſs-plot fair,
To mellow flute or hautbois' ſound,
The Shepherd hums the rural air,
And treads the hornpipe's mazy round:
And you meanwhile, on every ſpray,
Soft warblers, thrill the livelong day,
Nor feel the ſmarting ſting of care:
There the poor turtle ſits alone:
With tender, faithful, plaintive moan,
Love's mournful ſtrains are echo'd there.

X.

X

Une herbe tendre & fleurie
M'offre des lits de gazon ;
Une douce rêverie
Tient mes ſens & ma raiſon :
A ce charme je me livre,
De ce nectar je m'enyvre,
Et les Dieux en ſont jaloux.
De la cour flatteurs menſonges,
Vous reſſemblez à mes ſonges,
Trompeurs comme eux, mais moins doux.

XI.

A l'abri des noirs orages,
Qui vont foudroyer les grands,
Je trouve ſous ces feuillages
Un azile en tous les tems :
Là pour commencer à vivre,
Je puiſe ſeul & ſans livre
La profonde vérité ;
Puis la fable avec l'hiſtoire
Viennent peindre à ma mémoire
L'ingénuë antiquité.

X

While, in a reverie of bliſs,
Mine eyes, my captive ſoul is led;
While a fair ſpot — ſo green as this —
Affords a fragrant flow'ry bed:
I freely quaff the mental wine
And to theſe charms my heart reſign —
For heav'nly pow'rs a pleaſure meet.
Why ſhould I leave gay fancy's ſports
For flattering dreams of gaudy courts —
As vain as they, but not ſo ſweet?

XI.

Here — ſhelter'd from thoſe tempeſts dire
That pour their vengeance on the great,
I, to the peaceful ſhades, retire,
And ever find a ſafe retreat:
The ſchemes of life I now explore,
While viewing former ages o'er
I muſe, in ſilent mov'd, alone;
Anon, old reverend volumes bring
A deeper draught, from wiſdom's ſpring —
Sound truths by ancient ſages known.

XII.

Des Grecs je vois le plus ſage,*
Jouet d'un indigne ſort,
Tranquille dans ſon naufrage
Et circonſpect dans le port ;
Vainqueur des vents en furie,
Pour ſa ſauvage patrie
Bravant les flots nuit et jour.
O ! combien de mon bocage
Le calme, le frais, l'ombrage,
Méritent mieux mon amour !

XIII.

Je goûte loin des allarmes,
Des Muſes l'heureux loiſir ;
Rien n'expoſe au bruit des armes
Mon ſilence & mon plaiſir.
Mon cœur content de ma lyre,
A nul autre honneur n'aſpire,
Qu'à chanter un ſi doux bien.
Loin, loin, trompeuſe fortune,
Et toi ſavenr importune :
Le monde entier ne m'eſt rien.



* Ulyſſe.

XII.

The pride of all the Grecian bands
(Too long ungrateful fortune's ſport!
Calm, in the wreck, Ulyſſes ſtands;
Cautious he rides, though ſafe in port:
For his poor native rock he braves
The ſcowling winds and whelming waves,
And ſtems the ocean, day and night;
How well may then, this lovely ſhade—
This cool retreat—this fertile glade
Inſpire my boſom with delight?

XIII.

Not raging battle's hoarſe alarms
Can once untune my rural ſtrain:
I never hear the din of arms,
Nor dread the thunders of the plain:
My wiſhes bounded to my lyre,
No greater honour I deſire
Than warbling blithe my happy ſong:
Avant! deceitful fortune's wiles—
The treacherous friend--the courtier's ſmiles!
I never lov'd the gaudy throng.

XIV.

En quelque climat que j'erre,
Plus que tous le autres lieux,
Cet heureux coin de la terre
Me plâit & rit à mes yeux ;
Là pour couronner ma vie,
La main d'une Parque amie
Filera mes plus beaux jours ;
Là repoſera ma cendre ;
Là Tyrcis * viendra répandre
Les pleurs dûs à nos amours.

* Mr. l'Abbe de Langeron.

XIV.

Where'er my devious ſteps may rove—
Where'er I'm toſt by land or ſea;
This charming ſpot I'll ever love,
Dear ſolitude! I'll think of thee.
To make my life ſupremely bleſt,
May heav'n ſtill grant me here to reſt
And leave my humble aſhes here:
And, when I'm number'd with the dead,
May gentle Thirſis, o'er my head,
To friendſhip pay the grateful tear.

# S O N G.

MAY 24, 1773.

CAN I envy pomp and ſplendor,
While among theſe ſhades I rove!
All my boſom I ſurrender
To the paſſion of the grove.

While I calmly walk alone a--
Long the gentle river's ſide,
Pan and Ceres and Pomona
All the chequer'd ſcene divide.

Here the meads and woods embow'ring
Make the penſive wand'rer gay;
There the Van, to Heaven tow'ring
Holds the ſmiles of ſetting day.

From

From the ſummit, wide expanding,
Fancy rolls a toiling eye
Where the bounds of ſea and land,
In fainter azure meet the ſky.

There diviner viſions glancing,
Charm away the muſing ſoul,
On a happy wing advancing,
Higher than the planets roll.

Happy maze of contemplation!
Every ſtep its pleaſure finds.
Hail diviner recreation!
Paradiſe of peaceful minds!

Grant me, Heaven, grant, to bleſs me,
Solitary thus to ſtray!
Let not want or wealth oppreſs me,
Friends nor foes my peace diſmay.

# ELEGY

## ON WINTER.

'TWAS now--I revell'd o'er the vivid plain;
'Twas now I breath'd the Spring's refreſhing gale:
I ſaw the joyful ſun return again,
The tufted blades adorn'd the ſmiling vale.

What nameleſs pleaſure fill'd my throbbing breaſt!
How joyful from the mount I took the view!
In lovely green the chearful field was dreſt,
And blooming life on every bramble grew.

What paſtimes, late, beneath the Summer's ray--
What various ſports on hill and dale were ſeen!
The ſhepherd chaunted all the live-long day,
Sweet ſongs he chaunted on the dappled green:

When ſober Ev'ning cool'd the ſultry rays,
The city youth declar'd the flames of love,
While o'er the walks they tript, in many a maze,
Or glanc'd, with various ſplendor, thro' the grove.

Why then, ah why this melancholy change!
What damps my glee, what moves my penſive ſighs!
Thro' deſart plains, alone, I ſeem to range,
Thro' deſart plains beneath inclement ſkies.

Now the poor ſwain ſtalks thro' the leafleſs glade—
With biting froſt his bloated fingers ſwell:
Ah where's the genial ray, the foſt'ring ſhade!
Ye barren walks, ye chearleſs deſarts, tell!

Now does the rural daiſy ceaſe to ſpring:
The fair carnation ſpreads her hues no more:
The meadows die, nor does Pomona bring
The fragrant bloſſom or the juicy ſtore.

Its ſweetneſs too, has left the damaſk roſe,
And gilly-flow'r, that long endur'd the ſun:
The ſkipping lambs their wonted paſtime loſe,
And to the barren rocks for ſhelter run.

Another fleeting year—for lo! 'tis gone—
Another year I've idly thrown away!
Days croud on days, and months on months roll on:
In vain we bid the precious moments ſtay!

And ah! what earthly thing was made to laſt!
Man's life is but a fleeting ſcene of woes.
Like flow'rs we drop beneath th' untimely blaſt,
Or wither'd leaves, when Autumn's tempeſt blows.

# SONG

## On SYLVIA's Birth-Day.

O Sylvia, ſince this joyful day
Is to thy virtue giv'n,
Ariſe and greet the chearful ray,
The ſacred gift of heav'n,

May now thy bloom—thy youthful prime
Without a blot be ſpent;
And pay with gratitude the time
By heaven's goodneſs lent.

And may that goodneſs guide thee ſtill
In virtue's path to tread:
From every error, every ill
Protect thy favour'd head.

Still

Still may heav'n's ſhield thy path defend
From ſorrow, pain, and care;
Guide and conduct thee to thy end
As happy as thou'rt fair!

To

# To the SAME:

## EXTEMPORE.

DEAR as my life! without a frown,
This humble verſe receive,
From him whoſe heart is your's alone!
'Tis all he has to give.

Why heaves that breaſt—ſo dear to me!
If Colin harbour there,
The ſtudy of my life ſhall be
To make him worth thy care.

But if there be ſome favorite ſwain
Whoſe happier flame you prize:
Blot out my vows—neglect my pain,
And force me from your eyes.

Ne'er

Ne'er may that gentle goodneſs know
The pangs your ſwain endures:
Welcome my lot of bliſs or woe,
If happineſs be yours.

TO

# TO THE SAME.

WHITHER does my Sylvia wander?
To what diſtant lawn or grove?
Where fair Avon's ſtreams meander,
Or the happy Severn roves?
Love, direct thy Colin's way
Where her charming footſteps ſtray!
To her arms, O let me fly,
And on her lovely boſom die!

Ah, no more, on yonder mountain,
Shall I ſee my charmer ſtray!
Nor beſide the moſſy fountain
Does ſhe tune th' enchanting lay.

Happy hours that now are o'er!
Scenes I muſt behold no more—
When bleſt Colin could rejoice
To ſee her ſmiles---to hear her voice!

Oft my ling'ring hours I number,
While with ſad deſpair I burn:
Or alone, in broken ſlumber,
See the lovely maid return.
Ceaſe, O Love, with proſpects vain,
To delude a hopeleſs ſwain:
With fond hopes my heart to cheer,
Only to kill me with deſpair!

Ceaſe, O ceaſe thy fond beguiling—
Ceaſe, thou diſtant bright'ning gleam!
No!---it was not Sylvia ſmiling;
'Twas a dear, deceiving dream.
All theſe haunts her loſs deplore:
Hills and groves delight no more:
All the plains in ſilence mourn,
'Till Sylvia, lovely maid, return.

Now

Now, thro' lonely thickets ſtraying,
Let me ſoothe a lover's care:
Still with tranſient hope delaying,
Pining grief and mad deſpair:
Telling ſtill how much I love,
Straying penſive thro' the grove,
Teaching every wounded tree
To feel my Sylvia's loſs like me.

# TO THE SAME:

## A PASTORAL SONG.

ONCE more, ye green myrtles, adorn
The brows of your favourite ſwain,
Since Colin (unhappy!) was born
To languiſh, but languiſh in vain:
Dear Sylvia, the nymph who alone
Could ſoften my anguiſh and woe
Is deaf to my pitiful moan,
And ſhuns me wherever I go.

This garland I wove for her brow—
Some notice I hop'd it would move;
But the flow'rs in the brook I will ſtrow,
For Sylvia deſpiſes my love:

If

If ever this eglantine ſhade
Invite the dear ſteps of my fair,
She will mourn the green bow'rs, as they fade,
For Colin no longer is here.

And thou, my dear pipe, that ſo long
Haſt warbled thy Colinet's lay,
Henceforward, forgetting the ſong,
Muſt hang on the withering ſpray:
Yon willow, that bends o'er the brook,
No longer ſhall hear me complain,
Tho' often, the ſhepherds miſtook
My notes for the nightingale's ſtrain.

My crook I forgot in the vale;
Nor heeded my wandering ſheep:
Old Strephon gave ear to my tale,
And neglected his younglings to keep;
The ſhepherds my paſſion deplore,
They bewail the unfortunate ſwain:
All the nymphs, but the nymph I adore,
Are griev'd at their Colinet's pain.

That

That boſom — 'tis harder than ſteel!
Compaſſion ne'er ſwell'd in her heart:
She wounds, but ſhe knows not to feel:
She triumphs in Colinet's ſmart:
Ah no! I much wrong the dear maid,
No turtle ſo tender, ſo kind:
Thoſe charms, all around her diſplay'd,
Are but faintly tranſcrib'd from her mind.

But ah me! I too truly have gueſs'd
At the cauſe of her cruel diſdain:
That ſmile, that would render me bleſt,
Is reſerv'd for ſome happier ſwain:
When I languiſh and die at her feet,
His image engages her care:
She flies her dear Damon to meet;
And me ſhe reſigns to deſpair.

Yet ſure, ſhe ſome pity might ſhew—
Some care for a deſtitute ſwain:
One tear of compaſſion might flow—
One ſigh—It would ſoften my pain:

But why ſhould thoſe heavenly eyes
With anguiſh be e'er overflown?
Could I bear my dear Sylvia's ſighs—
Could I live on her pity alone!

SONG.

## To the SAME.

In vain does Colin tell his anguiſh
To every breeze, that fans the vale;
While Sylvia flies, and lets him languiſh,
Nor heeds his melancholy tale.

Unhappy ſhepherd! ceaſe thy mourning,
And tune no more thy plaintive ſong:
See, by the ſtream, thy love returning,
And ſmiling Cupid comes along.

Now ſpread your bloom, ye fragrant roſes,
My lovely Sylvia entertain:
But ah! the conſcious bluſh diſcloſes,
And Cupid calls her back again.

This happy moment, Love, I find you:
(Some pow'r prolong my charmer's ſtay!)
But ah, you've left your heart behind you,
And Love commands my bliſs away!

Go then, enjoy your ſoul's deſire:
Be ſtill delighted in your love:
But I, forſaken, muſt retire
And languiſh in the lonely grove.

Go when you will (perhaps to-morrow!)
And bleſs your happy, happy choice:
I wiſh you joy—great as my ſorrow—
More than I mourn you can't rejoice!

Dying, I will not call you cruel:
Bleſt as an angel may you be!
And when you leave me (faireſt jewel!)
Drop not a tender tear for me.

No tedious, lonely days I'll number,
Thoſe eyes will draw my ſight along:
Your name will charm me into ſlumber,
And love compoſe me with a ſong.

# SONG:

## The DISTRACTED LOVER.

BESIDE a willow-ſhaded ſtream
The hapleſs Colin pour'd his lay:
A cruel beauty was his theme:
And while with love he pin'd away,
'Twas ſtill the doleful burden of his ſtrain—
O ſhall I never ſee my love again?

Ye willows that ſo gaily riſe!
Ye waves that dimple in the wind!
Look not as if my Sylvia's eyes
Were ſtill to wretched Colin kind.
She's gone--ſhe's gone to bleſs the happy ſwain!
O ſhall I never ſee my love again!

The longing gaſp of fell deſpair,
The tort'ring pang that burſts the heart,
None but the unhappy can declare,
None but the wretch that feels the ſmart--
Th' ill-fated youth that pines, like me, in vain,
And never hopes to ſee his love again.

Ye ſhades of them who dy'd for love,
Attend poor Colin's parting groan;
Conduct him to your myrtle grove
To wander, ſilent and alone,
Lonely and ſilent, but when I complain—
O ſhall I never ſee my love again?

Some gliding ſemblance, come away!
My freezing tongue forgets to move;
My glaring eyes refuſe the day;
My heart is dead to all but love:
Ah me! why ſhould I longer here remain,
Since I muſt never ſee my love again?

They

They come---farewell, my love!---I go.---
Lead on, lead on, ye glimmering ſhades!
How dark appear the realms below!
There---take me to your horrid glades.
Here let my mould'ring bones unſeen remain,
Since I muſt never ſee my love again.

Midſt hanging rocks and ſhades of night,
Deſpair ſhall fix my haggard eyes,
Where elves avoid the dawning light,
And mutter, echoing all my ſighs:
Pale ghoſts ſhall ſtalk around and learn my ſtrain,
Since I muſt never ſee my love again.

# THE IDEAL LOVER.

## TO DELIA.

ERE yet my heart began to move,
Awaken'd by the flames of love,
The Paphian Queen, in all her charms,
Deſcending bright, my ſoul alarms:
Around the ſhrine her nymphs appear;
And thus ſhe praiſes every fair:—

What angel peeps thro' Delia's eyes!
What love in Sylvia's wiſhful eyes!
What charms in Leſbia's cheeks appear!
The Graces weave Smilinda's hair.
Tall and ſlender, young and gay,
Cloe tunes a melting lay:

A ſweetneſs

A ſweetneſs, beauty can't impart,
Flows from Celia's tender heart;
But majeſtic Daphne moves,
And awes the ſhepherd, while he loves.

Now, Colin, own a generous flame,
And Cupid ſhall perſuade the dame.

On each fair nymph I fondly muſe:
Such varied charms I could not chuſe:
Cordelia's mind had fixt my choice,
But for Roſetta's happy voice:
And if Delicia's charms were mine,
Farewell Amanda's air divine.
I lik'd them all—but neither beſt;
For who could part with all the reſt?

" Ah mighty Queen of all that's fair,
" I feel your bounty and your care.
" What lovely nymphs! but, if you pleaſe,
" I love my liberty and eaſe:

" This

" This world of charms let me admire;
" Let others to their love aſpire."

Reply'd the Goddeſs---fickle ſwain!
Think not I try thy taſte in vain.
The clown who dares deſpiſe my ſway---
I've arts will teach him to obey.

Then from each fair a charm ſhe takes,
And one reſiſtleſs beauty makes:
Mira, ſays Cupid, let her be;
But mortals call it Fantaſy.
Whatever melts or warms the heart,
Her eyes, like glance ethereal, dart:
A thouſand various forms ſhe wears,
Fair in a thouſand forms appears.
I gaze, and inſtantly admire:
My heart was loſt---my ſoul on fire.
In vain, alas! my boſom warms,
The charmer flies my longing arms,
Not condeſcending to be ſeen
But in gay Fancy's airy ſcene.

O torture of a lover's mind!
Wand'ring her lovely face I'd find.
I ſtart at every glancing ray---
" Sure lovely Mira brings the day!"
Now Delia's eyes my love beguiles;
Anon Roſetta's blooming ſmiles,
Or Cynthia does my heart command,
Who carries beauty in her hand.
So when I chanc'd your voice to hear,
I thought you were that heav'nly fair,
Prais'd you for every matchleſs grace
That glows in lovely Mira's face:
And is not Mira ſtill your name?
Ah no! I ſee you're not the ſame.

Your pardon, Madam, now I find
The little archer made me blind:
Twas no deſign to do you wrong
That ſo inſpir'd my raptur'd tongue:
Still for my charmer I muſt rove:
Pity miſtakes in thoſe that love.

# ZILIA

COMPLAINING OF THE ABSENCE OF

AZA.

DISTANT o'er the boundleſs main
My Father's glorious kingdom lies:
No ear to hear me thus complain,
No friend to chear my weeping eyes:
But oft my roving mind purſues
My ruin'd country (once ſo great!)
And o'er the rolling ocean views
The ſplendor of my former ſtate.

Dear deception! oh how pleaſing!
But now it darkens on my ſoul.
See, ſee the barb'rous flames increaſing!
Hear the deadly thunders roll!

Stretch'd in his blood my father lies;
And every friend before me dies.

Compaſs'd now with ſtrangers round,
A captive in a foreign land,
In vain I ſeek the diſtant bound
Of royal Inca's wide command!
Theſe misfortunes I could bear
(Though many a bitter pang they coſt)
But ſomething ſtill than friends more dear—
Greater than empire have I loſt.

The craving void—I feel it ſmart—
Still, ſtill it pains my languid breaſt.
Come, Aza, life of Zilia's heart,
And give my weary ſpirits reſt.

Why ſhould a generous ſtranger load
With bounties—whom he cannot bleſs!
Pleaſures and wealth are ill beſtow'd
On her, whoſe mind is not at peace.

Theſe

Theſe lovely ſcenes—in vain they ſmile!
In vain theſe ſacred haunts invite,
Come, Aza, come, my cares beguile;
Come thou, or nothing can delight.

While my boundleſs wiſhes fly
O'er the ſeas or mountains' height;
While I heave my longing ſigh,
Come, and bleſs thy Zilia's ſight:
One ſmile from thee would well repay
The loſs of friendſhip or command—
Could make me bleſs this happy day,
Though captive in a foreign land.

# PALEMON.

## AN ECLOGUE.

WHAT time the ſwain, with ſtreaming ribbons crown'd,
Taught every vale with Harley's name to ſound;
Their lucky votes had made them mickle cheer;
Freſh was the morn, and all the welkin clear,
When Thirſis met with Damon's herdiſman,
And thus, in rural guiſe, their talk began.

THIRSIS.

What lamb is that, good ſwain, you lead along?

COLIN.

'Tis mine---Amyntas loſt it for a ſong.

THIRSIS.

THIRSIS.

Thy maſter vie with his melodious ſtrain!

COLIN.

He cop'd with me, but found it was in vain.

THIRSIS.

Then art thou Colin, from fair Vaga's ſide?

COLIN.

That is my name, and there I do abide.

THIRSIS.

Indeed Amyntas told me of thy art;
Thy eaſy numbers charm'd his very heart.
Let's have a ſong: Thy pains will not be loſt,
A little ſkill upon the reed I boaſt.
The ſhepherds all commend my ſprightly ſtrain,
And vow--no ſweeter voice ſalutes the plain.
But I—indeed I cannot be ſo vain.

COLIN.

COLIN.

Then will you promiſe, when you've heard me ſing,
Some fav'rite ballad in your turn to bring!
Or, in alternate notes, our voice we'll raiſe,
One ſhall be paid with muſic, one with bays.

THIRSIS.

Why, if you like, we'll ſing alternate lays.
Come, ſtake thy lamb; my rebec I will lay:
See how 'tis carv'd with emblem fair of May.
Beneath an oak ſee rural Emma ſtand;
The milk-pail by her ſide, and in her hand,
A ſpray of blooming hawthorn ſeems to move,
And hide from Damon's eyes the bluſh of love.
There he, with looks of cordial paſſion pleads
His amorous cauſe, and ſhews the vernal meads,
The merry lambkins, and the browſing kine,
And ſeems to ſay—" Dear Emma, theſe are thine.

" Believe me, love, I live for none beſide ;
" Then make me bleſt, and be a happy bride."
Her glowing eyes, ev'n while we look, relent ;
She loves the tale, but knows not to conſent.
A pleaſing ſhade extends beneath the boughs ;
While, round the ſcene a pleaſing ſunſhine glows.
But what of that ?---'tis throwing time away :
Touch it thyſelf, as thou doſt know to play :
To tune Sweet-William, if you underſtand,
You never had a better in your hand.

COLIN.

I cannot ſtake the prize ſo late obtain'd,
At leaſt, I'll keep the honor I have gain'd ;
But here's my flute, of poliſh'd ivory white,
Two curling vines, around the bore, unite :
And whom d'ye gueſs thoſe two the ſprays among ?
That happy pair, Dan Milton ſweetly ſung.
If you can play Sweet-Sue or Peggy Band ;
You never had a better in your hand.

THITSIS.

THIRSIS.

I take the bett: but who ſhall judge fair play,
When every bard is partial to his lay?
'Tis not a little work I have to do,
To get the prize, and make you yield it too.
Apollo's ſkill, no wrangling lowt will own,
Unleſs the God is, by his laurel, known,

COLIN.

You need not fear—look yonder, on the plain,
The Muſe's friend, and patron of the ſwain,
Palemon comes.--Him Phœbus taught the art
Health-bearing rue, and hyſſop to impart.
On every ſide, his voice ſhall give content,
And all diſputes and afterclaps prevent.

THIRSIS.

I vow 'tis he: What lucky chance could bring
So learn'd a judge to liſten while we ſing?

No hoary ruſtic, void of worth and note,
A worthy man that wears a ruſſet coat.
Once, for his lays, I lov'd the tuneful ſwain;
Now, for the ſhepherd's ſake, I love the ſtrain.
Oft, while the chilly hours of darkneſs fled,
And morning's ray was purpling o'er his head,
With his long crook, I've ſeen him croſs the lawn,
And with a ſong awake the ling'ring dawn:
And oft, on yonder hill, he tunes his lays;
His reed is vocal in his Maker's praiſe.
He ſhuns the buſtle of a public name;
Happy to merit, not contend for fame:
Prefers a peaceful, innocent retreat
To all the gaudy ſplendor of the great.
And though Apollo taught him how to ſing,
He loves his God, his country, and his King.
But ſee---he's drawing near.——Can you, my friend,
Stop in the ſhade, and hear the ſwains contend?

Good-now,

Good-now, mark well, if you can ſpare the time,
Whoſe voice is ſweeteſt, whoſe the ſofteſt rhyme:
No trifling bett depends upon the ſtrain,
I loſe my rebec, or his flute I gain.

PALEMON.

Then, boys, come here, ſince you will be ſo gay,
You cannot ſing upon a finer day.
To yonder alder, by the brook, let's run;
The ſpreading boughs will keep us from the ſun.
Here—ſit you down—a very pleaſant place!
How fine the proſpect opens in our face!
Yon goats creep up the bank; the cooling rill,
From nook to nook, comes echoing down the hill.
And what is Daphnis at on yonder rocks!
He takes a view of all his thrifty flocks:

See how the ſheep are capering round the green:
Yon hounds will force the ridgeling o'er the ſin.
Colin, I'll hold thy lamb;—begin thy note.
Thirſis ſhall follow when he's clear'd his throat.

COLIN.

Pierian Muſes! ſend your influence down,
And with triumphant bays, your poet crown:
Give me the reed that tun'd in Windſor ſhade,
The happy art with which the ſhepherd play'd.
Then ſhall my numbers warm, with ſacred fire,
And all the vanquiſh'd woodlands ſhall admire.

THIRSIS.

But I, Apollo, claim thy aid divine:
Thine are my lays; my tuneful reed is thine.
If any breaſt, with warmer tranſport moves,
'Midſt vernal plains, cool ſprings, and ſhady groves;
Phœbus, reſume thy ſacred gift again:
Reſume, and give it to the favorite ſwain.

COLIN.

COLIN.

Hark how the vallies ring with hound and horn!
(Better, poor Reynard, thou wert never born!)
See Johnes's courſers ſpringing o'er the plains,
Johnes the delight of Radnor's votive ſwains.
Who loves not Johnes, the fool ſhall loſe his vote;
The mob ſhall pelt him, and ſhall tear his coat.

THIRSIS.

See too, the gallant Harley comes along!
That name has grac'd full many a noble ſong!
"The nation's great ſupport," ourſwains repeat,
And Pope confeſs'd one ſtateſman truly great:
Would but the Muſe inſpire, with equal ſtrains,
I'd ſing the Knight of Ariconian ſwains.

COLIN.

Parch'd are the fields; the verdure dies away,
The lambs lie ſtill, all nature feels decay;

When

When freſh'ning ſhow'rs deſcend, on Auſter's wing,
The lambs will play,---the joyful meadows ſpring:
But hapleſs Colin, curs'd with Sylvia's ſpite,
No ſhow'rs refreſh him, and no gales delight.

THIRSIS.

Parch'd are the fields; but while the weather's fair,
My lovely Delia comes to take the air:
See how ſhe trips along the flow'ry meads,
Nor wounds the bending cowſlip where ſhe treads!
Juſt as ſhe is, O Love, that ſhe were mine!
More rich, more gay, can ne'er be ſo divine.

COLIN.

Of cowſlips ſweet and ſcented thyme, I wove
A fragrant garland, for my rural love:
Amyntas gave her but an oaken ſpray;
She kept the ſwain's, and mine ſhe flung away:

Ere

Ere Midſummer (elſe twit me of the ſhame)
I'll find ſo fair—but not ſo proud a dame.

THIRSIS.

Laſt Spring, when primroſes did firſt appear,
I pick'd a pretty poſey for my dear:
She ſaid—I never ſaw ſo fine before;
Good Thirſis, come to-morrow;—bring me more.
Go where I will, I'll warrant I may ſee
Many more proud, but none ſo fair as ſhe.

PALEMON.

Now end your lays, my boys, you ſing ſo well,
Who has the beſt or worſt 'tis hard to tell.
The bett, undrawn, ſhall in diſpute remain:
We'll try it out whene'er we meet again.
Hark,—in full cry,—the op'ning pack draws near!
See, on the heath, the ſpringing ſteeds appear.

Up, Colin, take thy lamb to Mycon's hut,
We'll run and meet them with a ſhorter cut.
Let's cry up Johnes, as we did at the treat:
'Tis always good to praiſe the good and great.

# COLIN.

## THIRSIS, DAPHNIS.

THIRSIS.

BEGIN, my Daphnis, while the ſultry day
Glows on the fields, begin thy pleaſing lay.
The panting flocks, in yonder ſhade, recline,
And, o'er our heads, the beachen branches twine;
The falling riv'let keeps a murm'ring din:
Thy pleaſing lay, my Daphnis, now begin.

DAPHNIS.

Then tell me, ſwain, what ſong ye chuſe to hear,
The Chevy Chace, or Maudlin's rural chear?

I ſung, with mickle glee, the other day,
In Mycon's cot, the Freer of Orders Grey;
But if ſome other rhyme delight thee more,
Name what thou wilt, for I've enow in ſtore.

THIRSIS.

Poor Colin's loves ſhall echo through the glade,
While yon ſtout mowers ſlumber in the ſhade;
The glowing meads employ the rural throng;
But Colin's loves demand the Shepherd's ſong.

DAPHNIS.

O Sylvia, muſt an object ſo divine
For ever pain this love-ſick heart of mine!
Will nothing move thee--nothing gain thine ear
'Till Colin's death muſt prove his love ſincere!

What though the rural proſpect ſhine around,
(The woods, the hills, the vales with pleaſure crown'd)
Though

Though youthful nature charm the peaceful
ſight,
Thy lonely Colin meets with no delight.

Now happy Cloddy ſaunters o'er the fields,
Viſits each flow'r that balmy April yields,
Collects their ſweetneſs in his amorous lays,
And chears the grove with Amaryllis' praiſe:
Once could thy Colin tune as ſoft a ſtrain;
Now pines the reed, forſaken as the ſwain:
No longer thrills my rebec through the grove,
For what can pleaſe without the maid we love!

In tender youth we ſtray'd along the green,
Then, on her Colin, Sylvia ſmil'd ſerene:
Then, too, dear maid (you cannot have forgot)
I cull'd the faireſt flow'rs around our cot:
A wreath of balmy ſweets I wove for you,
Thoſe cheeks did point me out their lovlieſt
hue:
How pleas'd you look'd! I felt my boſom
move
With dear delight, nor knew the kindling love.

Again

Again the pleaſing taſk, for you I try,
The roſes wither, and the lilies die,
The violets and carnations fade away:
So Colin's hope and Sylvia's love decay.

O cruel Sylvia, whither doſt thou go!
What wand'ring fancy bids thee leave me ſo!
What madneſs tempts thy lovely eyes to gain
Jamaica's ſtrand, and croſs the raging main!
Who ſhall protect thee on that fatal ſhore
Where earthquakes plunge and hoſtile cannons roar!
Whom doſt thou fly! my flocks, my life is thine:
And canſt thou find a warmer ſoul than mine!
Return, my love, among the dimpling ſtreams,
Darkling we'll ſtray, while ſummer's harmleſs beams
Aloft, among the quivering alders play,
Nor meet thoſe eyes more pow'rful far than they.

I've

I've trimm'd my woodbine bow'r: the
trembling ſhades
Extend, and various flow'rets deck the glades:
The ſwans along the ſilver lakes appear:
Sure none but Sylvia's ſelf ſhould wander
here.

Come, gentle zephyrs, breathe refreſhing
gales,
And yield a fairer proſpect, vernal vales,
Let the gay lambkins dance along the plain,
And ſing, ye birds, to bring my love again.
O hapleſs Colin, thou art left to mourn:
Thy love is gone and will no more return.

Ye level plains, ye bleating hills, farewell!
No more, in you, the Loves and Graces dwell,
No heav'nly tranſports haunt the ſilent ſhades,
The lively verdure of the bower fades,
My downy ſheep no more I tend with glee:
For what has pleaſure when forſook by thee!

Pan

Pan, God of ſwains, and great Apollo's power,
The ſylvan Oreads from their lofty bower,
And green Sylvanus with his flow'ry reed
Frequent the plains where once my lambs did feed:
All aſk me whence theſe woeful plaints ariſe:
" Love heeds not, Colin, thy deſpairing ſighs,
" See, Delia's cheek far brighter roſes yields,
" And richer lambs are fed in Delia's fields:
" Thy hopeleſs flame, 'tis folly to repine,
" If Sylvia's gone, a fairer nymph be thine."
They talk of love who never knew my flame
For who has beauty but my lovely dame!

But, ah! ſhe's gone!—Ye furious waves forbear.
Ye winds and tempeſts weigh a lover's pray'r!
Spare, Phœbus, ſpare! forgive thy ſhepherd's pain!
Thy angry blaze, that form will ne'er ſuſtain.

My

My plaintive notes detain the falling ſtream,
The weeping Naiads liſten to my theme,
The widow dove is ſilent in the tree,
And every warbler quits his note for me;
Deep melancholy ſhadows all the grove:
Stern oaks relent, but Sylvia does not love.

Before mine eyes a dizzy darkneſs ſwims,
A chilly ſhivering ſeizes on my limbs,
My boſom achs beneath the piercing woe;
My head will break! is this what Love can do!
In vain the woods, O ſwain, reſound thy moan:
Thy love is gone—for ever—ever gone.

Yet Damon promis'd ſoon to bring her back.
Ah now, my boding heart, 'tis time to break!
Well might he brave the horrors of the deep;
This was the dream that murder'd me in ſleep!
'Twas thus he led me through the deſart wood,
Tore out my heart, and roll'd me in my blood.

A thouſand arts to pleaſe the fair he knew,
Neat was his form, but could he love ſo true?
Could he all night before her hamlet wake,
And count his life a trifle for her ſake!
But did not he defy the raging wind,
And furious waves, when Colin ſtood behind!
Who ſhall befriend me, whither ſhall I fly!
The youth who dar'd to love muſt dare to die.

O hapleſs boy, thy flocks neglected ſtray,
The baſe Menalcas bears thy lambs away,
Rough thorns and thiſtles choak thy fruitful land,
Thy thirſty gardens too ſome care demand:
From flocks and fields and gardens Colin flies,
And to neglected love, a victim dies.
Ye tow'ring rocks, preſerve my doleful lay:
Much time, in fruitleſs plaint, I've thrown away.

Ye

Ye ſacred pow'rs that rule the boiſt'rous
main,
Attend, propitious, to a wretched ſwain!
This voted lover to your deeps I give,
Still the rude waves, and oh! let Sylvia live.

Theſe numbers on the rocks he did engrave,
And plung'd at once into the daſhing wave.

# STREPHON AND SYLVIA.

## A PASTORAL TALE.

'TILL evening dew-drops hung on every
blade,
The ſprightly Thirſis with his lambkins ſtaid:
Then, through the winding vale he tript along,
To meet his love, and humm'd a rural ſong.

" O ſacred Moon, diffuſe thy ſilver light,
And ſhed a trembling luſtre on the night,
To Daphne's hamlet guide me by thy ſhine,
Daphne whoſe eyes are bright and chaſte as
thine.
The rich Iolas tries my love to gain,
While Daphne's Daphne he ſhall court in vain;

A nymph leſs fair may be a Prince's bride:
Happier is Thirſis than the world beſide.
For this the mountains and the woods around,
And the wide plains with Daphne's name reſound:
Fair Vaga's banks ſhall learn her lovely name,
Nor ſhall Alphëus be the firſt in fame."

While thus the ſhepherd tun'd his amorous lay,
O'er the white corn fields he had ſprung away:
When, looking up, he ſees before his eyes
A huge wide foreſt's waving gloom ariſe:
A pathleſs glyn, by ſullen nature made,
Open'd a viſta to the horrid ſhade:
So thick the low'r, no glimpſe of heav'n he ſees,
'Twixt ſhelving rocks, low dells, and bow'ring trees.
By this, his heart a mighty dread confeſs'd,
And thus began revolving in his breaſt:

" Oft have I heard the ſage Palemon ſay,
Who ſeeks his love ſhall never loſe his way
I wiſh it may be true, I ſeem to ſtand
On a drear diſmal ſpot of fairy land:
Not ev'n a track to guide the wand'rer on;
But love commands me, and I muſt be gone.
Mayhap, ſome haggard goblin led me here
To trudge through lakes and brambles all the year.
Theſe mutt'ring caves, ſteep rocks, and dingles deep,
Where headlong torrents down the cataracts ſweep,
Scarce let me hope from hence to find my way
I'll reſt contented till I ſee the day."

While thus he wander'd, muſing and alone,
Juſt by his feet he heard a hollow groan:
As one that preſt a ſnake, with heedleſs tread,
Cold wax'd his heart, and back he ſunk with dread:

Then

Then, bending forward, felt a hapleſs ſwain,
Proſtrate and gaſping with exceſs of pain.
Startling he cries, ah—ſurely this muſt be
Some wand'ring wretch that loſt his way like me.
Then liſt'ning near, in ſighs he thought there came
A broken voice juſt breathing Sylvia's name.
'Twas pining Strephon, urg'd by fell deſpair
To mourn his fatal love, and periſh there.
His couch with baleful nightſhade he had ſpread,
A gloomy yew hung low'ring o'er his head.
When thus his hapleſs friend the ſhepherd found,
With ſudden haſte, he rais'd him from the ground;
And ſitting, on the hollow trunk, reclin'd,
He thus addreſs'd him with an anxious mind:

"What ſad misfortune, Strephon, brought thee here!
What cruel beauty cauſes thy deſpair?

Now

Now every ſhepherd ſhuns th' inclement cold,
And penns his flocks within the ſhady fold
The little birds, on every leafy ſpray,
Forget, in ſweet repoſe, their warbled lay:
The birds lie ſtill along th' extended green:
No browſing goats, upon the banks, are ſeen:
The full-orb'd moon (ſee thro' the parting wood)
Hangs o'er the mountain in a dewy cloud:
All nature ſlumbers, but the rills that flow
Down the rough pebbles, and the Bird of woe,
That in the crumbling yew tree ſits alone,
And, all night long, extends a direful moan.

STREPHON.

That boding voice, O ſwain, foretells my doom:
Theſe horrid ſhades ſhall hide my ſullen tomb,
Then ſhall my wand'ring Ghoſt attend my fair,
A precious bleſſing Fate denies me here.

THIRSIS.

Strephon, take heart, ſhe may be thine again:
Who can be cruel to ſo kind a ſwain?

STREPHON.

You heard me not complain, nor ſhall this tongue
Ever accuſe the lovely maid of wrong,
For ſince her beauty caught my wond'ring eye,
I love, in ſilence, and, in ſilence, die.
How much Palemon has of Helen told,
A Cyprian Venus—beauties fam'd of old,
And Roſamond, who could a monarch move---
They might be fair, but nothing like my love.

THIRSIS:

Why ſhould you pine, my friend, with ſilent grief.
To tell our anguiſh often brings relief.
Lets' to the nymph---your torture ſhall be known:
I cannot think ſhe hath a heart of ſtone.

THIRSIS.

STREPHON.

All my fond hopes are vaniſh'd out of view,
But the ſad anguiſh, now, I muſt renew:
For all the ſmart returns, while I diſcloſe
By what ſlow ſteps my woeful plight aroſe.
When firſt, beſide the winding ſtream, I led
My lambs, or on the flow'ry meadow fed,
I knew no care, but ſweet amuſement took
In ſome harmonious ſong, or godly book.
Each ſounding grove that deck'd the moun-
tain's ſide
Some unknown charm of ſolitude ſupply'd,
Nor was the flow'r that fed the induſtrious bee
To her, more grateful, than it was to me.
Then was I happy — could ſuch bliſs remain,
The King would leave his crown and be a
ſwain.
But ah! like morning clouds, our wiſhes fly,
Or timely flow'rs, that ere the ſummer die!
One evening mild I heard the lark employ
Her muſic, and the vernal breeze enjoy:

Sportive and gay I tun'd a ſylvan ſong,
And peaceful as the ſtream, that crept along.
The charming Sylvia tript acroſs the green,
Among the willows I retir'd unſeen:
Confus'd, I ſtand, and in a moment find
A thouſand various tranſports in my mind:
Muſing, ſhe ſtopt beneath a ſpreading tree;
Methought ſhe look'd as fair as fair could be.
Some anxious thought ſeem'd labouring in her breaſt,
Which thus, at length, the lovely maid expreſt.
" This blooming garland, Colin bids me wear,
Colin, the ſhepherd with the ſhining gear.
Some honour, ſure, this eglantine might claim,
The pinks of beauty, and the bays of fame,
This golden fringe his treaſures may approve;
But where's the myrtle and the roſe of love!
Riches and gaudy toys let others part;
Give me the man that has a feeling heart.
Soon as ſhe ſpoke, I left a ſudden flame:
Quick ſighs aroſe, I knew not whence they came:

I try'd to go; but ere I could remove,
I thought my ſoul would melt away in love.
Still, in a rapt'rous trance, I fix mine eyes
On the dear maid, 'till from the plain ſhe hies.
Since then, the ſilent grove, or moſſy ſpring,
Or ſunny hill no joy to me could bring:
I ſat upon a rook each livelong day,
To gaze if Sylvia chanc'd to paſs that way,
And if ſhe came, I felt new rapture ſtill,
But durſt not ſpeak; for ſhe might take it ill.
Yet many ways to tell my flame, I try'd,
Which lovers uſe, but haughty ſwains deride.
Beſide our well a ſpreading beach did grow,
The chirping ſparrows perch'd from bough to bough:
I ſat beneath it, muſing on my flame,
And on the bark I carv'd my Sylvia's name:
So dear the charming name appear'd to me,
I ſcarce could bear the wind to touch the tree:
When Lo! ſad omen of my fatal wound,
A falling Alder cruſh'd it to the ground,
The fineſt lamb of all my fleecy breed
A preſent for my faireſt I decreed: How

How I rejoic'd to ſee him ſkip amain
Down to the ſtream, and up the bank again:
That very morn (it was the firſt of May)
I thought to bear him for my love away,
Dametas' mongrel, courſing thro' the mead,
Among the bloody thickets left him dead.
To Mycon ſtrait theſe omens I impart,
Mycon ſo fam'd for feats of magic art:
The ſage reply'd; " to flatter is in vain,
That mongrel's maſter will beguile the ſwain."
Twas then, indeed, my ſad deſpair began,
For who could contradict the cunning man!
One day ſoon after as we croſt the hill,
Poor Daphnis cry'd---what makes thee look ſo ill.
Can a droll ſtory bring thee no relief?
I ſigh'd, and told the cauſe of all my grief.
" Strephon, you ſhould not heed old fables ſo,
I'm ſure the maid would liſten to thy woe:
Laſt week ſhe bade me ſing thy hunting ſong,
Then cried " how ſweet it flow'd from Strephon's tongue." To

To hear her thus an abſent ſwain approve,
I think it is no little ſign of love.
It chanc'd, that morning in my hand I took
Palemon's valu'd gift, a plumb-tree crook;
Three laurel ſprays the poliſh'd hook divide,
Nor had I ought I lik'd ſo well beſide;
But yet I gave it for the charming tale:
So much, with love, can flattering hope avail!
Then (for I thought I ſhould be bleſt indeed)
I ran to meet my love, with raptur'd ſpeed—
"Tell me, ye ſhepherds, where does Sylvia dwell!
Follow that footpath, by the ſhady well,
You'l ſee the nymphs and ſwains a dancing gay
Along the green; tis Sylvia's wedding day."
At the ſad news, I thought my heart would break,
And, for my life, one word I could not ſpeak;
But croſſing ſlow to Vaga's ſhady ſide
From all the world I ſought my grief to hide.
But ſince a witneſs of my fate you came,
I charge you clear that lovely nymph from blame,

Be this the laſt, ſad office of my friend;
And where you can my deſperate death de-
fend,
Then hide me deep, beneath this dreary wood,
Where ravens croak and ominous ſcreech-
owls brood.
Now peaceful in the ground my bones will
reſt,
(Loves aching pains forgotten in my breaſt)
If you will tell the fair poor Strephon's moan,
If ſhe will pity me when I am gone.

This ſaid, he ceas'd and dropt his languid
head,
The ſhepherd rais'd him, but his life was fled.
When morning came, he told the ſwains
around,
With Cypreſs wreaths his faded brows they
bound:
His lonely tomb, with penſive hearts they
made,
And laid him low beneath the foreſt ſhade.

The

The lovely nymph, inform'd of his deſpair,
Mourn'd o'er his corpſe, and dropt a tender tear;
A ſweetbrier too ſhe planted o'er his tomb,
Where, every ſpring, the nymphs and ſhepherds come
To crop a ſpray, and mourn the luckleſs ſwain:
Hard is the fate of him who loves in vain.

# THIRSIS.

DAMON. THIRSIS.

HA! who is this that comes in woeful plight!
(Keeper, bide ſtill!) if I may truſt my ſight,
In this diſguiſe I ſee an ancient friend.
Good Heav'ns! 'tis he himſelf—I've rightly ken'd.
Welcome, good Thirſis, to the peaceful ſhade!
While Eaſtern blaſts the withering plain invade,
This oak, wide-ſpreading, keeps the cold away
And gives a proſpect of the ſetting day.

THIRSIS.

The fields, dear ſwain, are happy while you ſing
The praiſe of Doris, or the charms of ſpring:

Wars

Wars thund'ring clamours rouſe the land in vain,
While Damon tunes, at eaſe, his rural ſtrain.
You almoſt tempt the ſheep the graſs to leave:
Ah do not thus our baffled ears deceive!
Throw by thy reed: 'tis moſt unkind to blow
When every Britiſh breaſt is big with woe.

DAMON.

How could the reed offend my Thirſis' ear,
Sacred to Doris and the blooming year?

THIRSIS.

While thro' the air thy pleaſing muſic flies,
The proſpect ſeems to brighten in our eyes,
The ſimple yearlings gaily ſkip and run
As 'twere the radiance of the vernal ſun:
But ſee—the withering leaves amain deſcend!
October ſprings in dreary winters end.

DAMON.

O Thirſis, I enjoy the gathering cold,
Strong are my flocks and well ſupply'd my fold,
The charming Doris liſtens while I ſing;
And while ſhe liſtens winter charms like ſpring.
Her comely port with Roſamonda vies,
Her cheeks are lilies, emeralds are her eyes,
I praiſe her form—but when ſhe hears my ſtrain,
The conſcious lilies feel a roſy ſtain.
Nor could you, Thirſis, think it hard to play
If all that's beauty melted on your lay:
All-Hallows morn—how charming will it ſhine!
For on that hopeful morn, my love is mine.

THIRSIS.

If love has comfort, may it be for thee,
Bleſt be thy bride, and bleſt thy progeny.
O may no ſorrow diſcompoſe thy joy!
Theſe boiſterous times are ſubject to annoy.

Alas!

Alas! poor Doris! ſhould thy faithful ſwain
Be dragg'd reluctant to the martial plain,
How muſt thoſe pine among thy bleating flocks,
And mourn, in ſilence, to the woods and rocks?

DAMON.

What dire diſaſter, Thirſis, has befel:
What doſt thou fear, my faithful Shepherd, tell?

THIRSIS.

This reed, now ſilent, once I taught to play,
Pan lov'd my ſtrain and liſt'ning nymphs were gay:
Oft in this fruitful valley did I rove
Where ſtill the Shepherds ſhew you Thirſis' grove:
I left my teeming flocks to Strephon's care,
And ſought, far hence, the banks of Delaware.

My

My lambs I tended on the happy plain,
And ſaid " my peace for ever ſhall remain."
But fortune envied; from the angry ſkies
Diſcord deſcends and rolls her baleful eyes;
Strait, all the country feels a common woe,
Commerce expires and tides unfruitful flow.
The bleating flocks, the browner ſhades divine,
The hills, delightful in the morning ſhine,
Our valley too, the pride of happy ſwains,
Calm peace forſakes and war infeſts the plains.
While in the grove the ſwain reclines to ſing
Stern death invades him on a fiery wing:
A boiſterous ruſtic comes and bears away
My pamper'd lambs, exulting in his prey.
"Shepherd," he cries, and lifts his bloody hand
" Die as a ſlave, or as a ſoldier ſtand."
My flocks and all my little wealth I gave —
" One loyal ſhepherd, haughty victor, ſave."
What could I do? none loves his country more
But Gage was far away on Boſton ſhore —
And nature's tender ties diſtreſt me ſore,

Poor.

Poor Sylvia claſpt me round—a faithful dame,
And little Thirſis liſpt his father's name—
Now my dear boy's the ſpoil of impious war,
And my wide paſtures barbarous ſtrangers ſhare.
I too—I wonder how I was not ſlain
Before I reach'd my native ſpot again.
Had but our minds a little ſerious been,
Theſe ſad diſaſters had not come unſeen:
Th' autumnal ſun but twice (I think) return'd,
Since all the ſkies with angry flaſhes burn'd;
Whence Moore, the prudent ſage who kens afar,
In learned terms denounc'd a civil war.

DAMON.

Ah doleful tidings, Thirſis, you relate,
How fierce inſurgents overturn the ſtate!
Some guardian angel ſure, for us, will riſe.
Our gracious King depends upon the ſkies.
Be not diſmay'd; that butting ram is thine,
And twice ten ewes that follow in a line,

On

On yonder crag, above the brook, they roam,
And view the whiſtling plowman trudging home,
With twins they ſtock the paſture every ſpring,
And for the ſhearer heavy fleeces bring.
My friend with me for ever ſhall abide,
And at one table we will be ſupplied.

THIRSIS.

Sweet as the flocks that round thy tent recline,
Sweet as the ſummer fruit, or milk of kine,
Sweet as the meads when April ſhow'rs deſcend
The beſt of fortune's gifts a generous friend!
Sooner the ſun ſhall loſe his genial heat,
Than grateful Thirſis can thy love forget.

DAMON.

Now come, good ſhepherd, in my cot remain,
Repoſe thy ſorrows and reſume thy ſtrain.

My

My flocks away! the twilight ſhades incloſe,
The hoarſe ford echoes, rapid as it flows,
Chill dews deſcend, and thro' the chequer'd
ſky
The croaking ravens to the foreſt fly.

# DAMON.

STREPHON. DAPHNIS.

AMONG theſe oaks, O Daphnis, take the reed,
While ev'ning falls; the flocks let Egon feed:
Or ſing on yonder mount (with daiſies crown'd)
While circling Dryads liſten to the ſound.
'Tis ſweet to view (reclining in the ſhade)
The fields, the rocks and winding ſtreams diſplay'd;
'Tis ſweeter ſtill when Daphnis comes along,
And warbles thro' the trees his echoing ſong.

DAPHNIS.

This little reed I form'd the other day —
As yet, the ſtops are harſh, it will not play.

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

O crafty ſwain, I am not baffled ſo:
See I've a flute and ken the way to blow,
No ſcrannel pipe to ſpoil a plowman's lay;
But poliſh'd box-tree with a ſilver key.
Beneath thoſe ſhady elms, I lay along
On Vaga's rocks, while ſkilful Damon ſung:
From bank to bank the wafted echo flew,
Now ſoft, now loud, as playful zephyrs blew,
And on the ſtream, far diſtant, dy'd away:
Ah long ſhall I regret the happy day!
For Damon joins no more the tuneful ſwains,
Nor tends his flocks, the glory of the plains;
My flute and crook I'd willingly beſtow
On him who ſung his praiſe and ſooth'd my woe.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, ſwain, without thy rich reward, I'll ſing
Theſe lays, I noted by the murm'ring ſpring,
Ere I had well begun my doleful ſtrain,
My lambs, unguarded, wander'd oe'r the plain:
There

There ſorrowing ſtill I ſat, and let them ſtray--
But thou, may hap, wilt ſcorn my homely lay.

Sicilian Muſes, in the foreſt ſhade,
A luckleſs ſwain invokes your ſacred aid:
You left Arcadia and the Aonian well,
Poor Bion's fate and Daphnis' dole to tell:
To Damon ſtill the friendly taſk is due,
Damon, wholov'd your bard and courted you:
Ye too fair guardians of the grove and ſpring,
Your myrtles brown and gadding ivy bring:
No menial mourner, proſtitute of praiſe,
Or careleſs friend demands your ſacred ſprays;
For ye can witneſs bear that ye have ſeen
How morn and late we ſaunter'd o'er the green:
Ye too have heard the numbers we did ſing
In woodbine bow'rs, where Damon ſtill would bring
Some converſe ſweet that knew not how to part,
And looks that ſpoke the feelings of his heart.

Like

Like two young branches from one root we
came,
One was our pleaſure and our pain the ſame;
A barbarous ruſtic cropt the better ſpray,
The other drops its head and dies away.

The roſe and violet (tho' they periſh ſoon)
And early lilies, born to die at noon—
Theſe, when the ſpring returns, again appear,
Spread their bright hues and live another year.
But Damon, ah! he's ſunk into the ground,
His bloom is gone and can no more be found.

Beneath what gloomy aſpect was I born,
To leave my kind, my deareſt friend forlorn?
Cannot I throw me on his funeral bed,
Catch his laſt breath and raiſe his fainting head!
Cannot this tongue pronounce the long fare-
well,
And this poor heart with ſtifling ſorrow ſwell!
Cannot theſe arms his freezing corpſe embrace--
Theſe ſtreaming tears his hollow'd funeral
grace!

Ah

Ah no, he's dead! the faithful ſwain is laid
In his cold grave, beneath the yew tree ſhade.

Strech'd at his eaſe me thinks I ſee him ſtill,
Beneath yon holly, on the ſcarry hill,
Or by that lake, where oft he us'd to ſtray
And muſe, from bow'r to bow'r, his eaſy lay.
No glancing dream amidſt my ſlumber flies,
But my dear Damon's lovely form will riſe,
And when I wake I run to meet the ſwain
'Till ſad remembrance tells me—tis in vain.

Stern pow'r of grief! thy hollow temples crown
With ſullen yew, and teach the rocks my moan:
In wild diſorder fold thy ſable pall,
And let thy ragged locks diſhevell'd fall,
Let thy fixt eyes with ſullen anguiſh glare,
And thy torn boſom pant with deep deſpair
Let mirth, in every plain, and muſic die,
Let notes of woe thro' every foreſt fly!

'Tis

'Tis done! the rocks with hollow peals
reſound,
A gloomy terror ſhades the vales around,
Among the trees the whithering bloſſoms fade,
And wintry ſtorms the chearful ſpring invade,
The penſive thruſh ſits mute; the lark on high
Forgets her note and tumbles from the ſky.
While thus I ſing, the ev'ning ſhades extend,
And chilling dews from all the ſky deſcend;
No more I hear the thruſh, or woodlark ſhrill,
But a ſad ſilence covers all the hill.

STREPHON.

Sweeter to me the mournful notes you ſing,
Than to the panting hind the bubling ſpring:
Not the ſoft gales that o'er the meadows play,
Nor op'ning roſes breath more ſweet than they.
Take then the flute and crook your rightful
due,
For after Damon none can ſing like you.

In

# In the Manner of BION.

YOUNG as I wander'd in my native ſhades,
Ere my twelfth ſpring had deck'd the leafy glades,
The ſportive throng was odious in my ſight,
A parent's death had robb'd them of delight:
Penſive I ſtray'd beſide the purling rill,
Or climb'd, with lonely pace, the ſteepy hill,
Or where the trees, with lofty boughs diſplay'd,
Enclos'd a ſounding, melancholy ſhade:
Here firſt the Muſes mark'd my vacant hours,
And led me, willing, to their roſy bow'rs,
On breathing flowrets they repoſe my care,
And round my couch a woodbine grove they rear:
Cloſe by my ſide a gurgling fountain ſprings.
And o'er my head th' ærial concert ſings:

Still

Still I remember well the happy day,
And love to wander where the Muſes ſtray.
'Twas then my Clio gave this jointed reed,
And bade me tune it while my lambkins feed;
A lyre ſhe promis'd to extol the name,
Of mighty George, and ſound his regal fame:
But I content me with a ſhepherd's praiſe,
To feed my lambs and tune my ſylvan lays.

# ALEXIS.

THIRSIS. AMYNTAS. *May*, 1774.

COME to the fields, Amyntas, come away;
The lark begins to chaunt the riſing day:
And ſee, the ſkipping lambs and wakeful ſwains
With paſtime fill the woodland and the plains.
Now length'ning morn reſtores the charming
ſpring,
Now bloom the trees, and now the Cuckows
ſing:
While thro' the vales cool zephyr winds along,
I'll try my pipe and warble thou the ſong:
The waving woods ſhall hear our num'rous
lays,
And fame ſhall doubt whoſe brows to deck
with bays.

Begin, if aught of Delia ſtrikes thy mind,
If Sylvia's cruel or Amanda kind.
Why droops the bard! from chirping birds around
And purling riv'lets ſongs and murmurs ſound.

AMYNTAS.

O Thirſis, Thirſis, tune no more the reed,
What boots it thus our ſtraggling lambs to feed?
Alexis, Wallia knew no lovlier ſwain,
Has left our hamlets for the martial plain
Perhaps to come no more: he took my ſong
Alas poor youth! he took my reed along.
Ah, what he ſaid, when forc'd to leave his flocks
Without a ſhepherd, on Carneddau's rocks!

THIRSIS:

Not balmy cowſlips, to th' induſtrious bee
So dear, as poor Alexis' name to me:

Not

Not ſhade in ſummer to the toiling hind,
Nor, to the browzing goat, the willow rind:
Repeat his tale, and at Alexis' name,
The hills will glow, the valleys catch the flame.

AMYNTAS.

Thro' breaking crimſon, now, the ſetting ray
Juſt glanc'd, and mark'd with ſmiles departing day,
When by that cryſtal fountain's moſſy ſide
Alexis ſung and all the woods reply'd.
" And muſt Britannia's valiant heroes bleed!
Yes civil diſcord, thou haſt done the deed.
The Queen of nations who could well deride
With native force, a threatning world beſide,
Who conquer'd empires on th' Atlantic ſhore,
Now ſtains her honour, in her children's gore.
Imperial Britain! royal ſeat of fame!
Learning and valour glory'd in thy name:
When heaven-born Liberty's auſpicious light
Firſt, on thy plains, diſpel'd the gloomy night,

With

With thee was heard the daring trumpet's ſound,
Amazement ſeiz'd the trembling realms around.
Thy warlike frown, no haughty foe could meet,
And Monarchs laid their honours at thy feet.
Then glory mounted on thy ſacred throne,
And Albion cry'd—" This pomp is all my own,
" My own the treaſures of the flaming mine,
" The yellow harveſt, and the cluſtring vine,
" The blooming valley, the aſpiring mount,
" The flow'ry garden and the wholeſome fount,
" The plumy flight, the flocks bedeck'd with down:
" Nature conſpires to decorate my crown.
The Aonian Muſes too, my ſons, inſpire
To ſtrike, by every ſtream, the ſounding lyre:
When ſcar'd by Scythians from their ſacred well
They fled to me, with me they choſe to dwell.

Where is that Britain, thro' the world rever'd,
By many crowns belov'd, by many fear'd!
All rent in parties, deſtitute, forlorn,
The hope of treacherous foes and Europe's ſcorn.
While huge Armadas yet prepare to riſe
Their hoſtile aſpect to the concave ſkies;
While haughty Kings deſpiſe their narrow land,
Brooding dominion on Britannia's ſtrand,
Hold the dire ſhaft, impatient for its flight,
Leſt England's glory fall by Engliſh might;
Leſt haughty Spain and faithleſs France ſhould ſee,
And bleſs the day that ſeal'd the dark decree.

When our proud foes, in future times, ſhall ſay—
" Remember England held a glorious ſway,
Of civil diſcord, then, let France take heed,
Of civil diſcord which made England bleed!
Should any ſon of Britain ſtill remain,
A menial captive in the victor's train; Ah

Ah me! how would it wound his generous ear,
Call the deep ſigh, and force the guſhing tear!

Ye herds, repos'd along the flow'ry lawn,
Ye careful ſhepherds, wakeful with the dawn,
Ye ſporting hinds, that by the river ſtray
And look with pleaſure on the ſetti ng day,
Attend! theſe doleful numbers ſoon will be
As pleaſant ſtrains, or notes of melody.
When heroes roll along the crimſon plain,
And England's glory ſhall be fought in vain;
What tragic tales of Cromwell's time relate,
The ſport of villains, but the nations fate,
Will whiſper ſoftly as on ev'ning air,
While ratt'ling thunders grate the trembling ear.
Ah were I call'd to meet my country's foe,
This valiant arm ſhould ſtrike a willing blow;
But (hateful thought!) to ſhed a brother's blood,
Be witneſs Heav'n! I'm ur'gd to croſs the flood.

Yet

Yet Albion's cauſe demands me in the field:
Some better angel rear a guardian ſhield!
Make bold inſurgents lay their fury down,
And fix, in peace, Britannia's ancient crown.
Then ceas'd the ſwain—the hills were all imbrown'd,
And darkneſs hung on every vale around.

THIRSIS.

Now, Shepherd, haſt thou told a pitious tale:
Well might the goatherds mourn on Ython's vale,
The dewy morning loſe her wonted charms,
And Shepherds tune their reeds to ſad alarms;
Since our beſt friends are forc'd ſo far to ſtray,
And ſuch the cauſe that hurries them away.

# JENNY:

## A PASTORAL

## In the Manner of BION.

WHEN the ſoft zephyr walk'd along
the ſtreams,
And bluſhing Sol diſplay'd his ſetting beams.
One ev'ning mild, 'twas in the prime of May,
Jenny walk'd forth, and tun'd a happy lay.
On Honddu's banks, I ſooth'd a penſive mind,
The willows trembled, and the muſe was kind:
I try'd a ſong and felt unuſual fires
(Fool that I was to ſay — the Muſe inſpires!)
'Twas Love that charm'd me from the Alder
tree;
Ah treacherous boy! no Muſe inſpir'd but he.

Softly deſcending on the zephyr bland,
On Jenny's ſwelling breaſt, he took his ſtand,
Then climbing her fair neck, and lurking there
Amidſt the jetty ringlets of her hair,
He aim'd ſecure, and fitted to the ſtring
An arrow, temper'd in the Muſes' ſpring.
Ev'n while I gaze, the ſilent miſſile flies,
And ſtrait the winged victor cleaves the ſkies:
The blameleſs maid---obſerv'd how I was ſhot;
Away ſhe flew—and dreads the fatal ſpot.
Why ſhould I ſtay?—the ſhades I trace in vain,
No Muſe inſpires, nor love vouchſafes a ſtrain,
For timorous Jenny ſhuns the ambuſh'd plain.
Now in my walks no limpid ſtreams appear,
No bow'ry ſhades, no verdure looks ſo fair.
'Tis a vile rock where noiſy torrents roar;
Away my lambs! this ſpot delights no more.

THE

# FIRST BOOK

OF THE

# *TEMORA* of *OSSIAN.*

Tranſlated into Engliſh verſe.

---

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper. HOR.

# PREFACE.

THE *Fingal of Oſſian, I have been informed, has been rendered into verſe by an able hand; it is to be wiſhed that he had beſtowed the ſame attention upon the Temora and the other poems in that collection, as the little knowledge many have of them is, in ſome meaſure, owing to the diſlike Engliſh readers in general expreſs for meaſured proſe.*

*I am aware that this is not the only cauſe of their neglect. However abſurd the paradox may ſeem, it has been the fate of theſe poems as well as thoſe publiſhed under the name of Rowley, to be rejected on account of their peculiar merit. They have been judged too excellent for the age to which they are aſcribed, and for want of the evidence of ancient copies, condemned as modern forgeries. Had their merit been much leſs than it is, and their antiquity well authenticated, they would have been, long ago, in every body's hands.*

*However,*

*However, as the antiquity of Offian's poems is an idea that no one would willingly give up, 'till compelled to ſacrifice it at the ſhrine of truth, I muſt acknowledge that I cannot draw the ſame concluſion from their excellence and regularity as many more learned men have done. It has been obſerved that the action, the conduct of the fable, the characters, the manners and the diction in the longer poems are perfectly agreeable to Ariſtotle's laws of Epic Poetry, and conſequently, it is alledged, they could not be the production of one who certainly knew nothing of Ariſtotle, or of any other critic of Greece or Rome.*

*This is, at firſt ſight, a formidable argument againſt them, but it will be much invalidated when we conſider, that Ariſtotle has only given us the leading features of good compoſition, from the practice of great maſters, who are acknowledged to have had neither laws nor models, but what they derived from nature—that therefore, the rules of criticiſm can only be referred to as teſtimonies how men of good ſenſe and great abilities would naturally embelliſh a noble ſubject.*

*A cold lifeleſs compoſition is often the effect of too timid and cloſe an obſervance of critical maxims: and an intricate, perplexed plan and a groteſque execution have generally been found to proceed from the author's attempt to imitate the manners of ſome favorite writer, who takes off his attention from his ſubject, and leads him out of his way in purſuit of deſcriptions and embelliſhments with which his ſubject has nothing at all to do: and it is almoſt perpetually obſerved that works of this character are the productions of men, better acquainted with books than with active life.*

*There are, therefore, but two periods in literature when natural and ſublime compoſitions can be expected: the firſt is, when criticiſm is not reduced to a ſyſtem, and when the author having no model of uncontroverted authority to fix as a ſtandard, is guided entirely by his ſubject, and by the workings of a bold and ſound imagination. The other is when a general taſte is ſo far formed as that he knows what to chuſe and what to reject amongſt the foreign embelliſhments that books offer to him. Homer traced the footſteps of nature unſhackled by the*

*ſetters of Criticiſm, and Virgil perfectly underſtood how to uſe them.*

*To which of theſe periods the poems of Oſſian belong, I will not take upon me to determine, neither am I greatly intereſted in the queſtion; I ſhall only ſay, that from internal evidence they ſeem to me to have more of the character of the firſt: But to whatever period we muſt aſſign them, they preſent us with a lively and authentic picture of ſociety in the age they deſcribe, and if they are not the compoſition of a princely bard and diſtinguiſhed hero in the wars of Erin, we muſt conſider them as an effect of the moſt accurate reſearches into the old Caledonian hiſtory and manners, embelliſhed with an elegant, ſublime, yet chaſte imagination, and upon the whole, as a very happy effort of ſuperior genius.*

*I am ſo far from imagining, with a very reſpectable author, that "there are many men, "many women, and many children who could "compoſe ſuch poems,* and *that the manner of "Oſſian is very eaſy to be imitated," that I ſhould*

*ſhould ſuppoſe it eaſier to find a hero that could conquer like Fingal, than a bard that could ſing like Oſſian.*

*It is certainly eaſier to imitate, than to ſtrike out a line of Compoſition that ſhall be at once both excellent and original; and upon that account many have had the confidence to attempt the ſtile and manner of the bard of Selma. The abrubtneſs of the ſentences and the bold figures they have uſed would perſuade a ſuperficial reader of their ſucceſs, but if we examine them cloſely we ſhall find it in vain to look for that natural pathos, that enchanting ſhade of melancholy, and that commanding ſublime which do, and perhaps ever will diſtinguiſh the poems of Oſſian.*

*Reſpecting the following tranſlation I have only to obſerve, that I have done what I could to preſerve the ſpirit and character of the original: I have even retained as much of the peculiarity of the diction as might be thought conſiſtent with perſpicuity and har-*

*mony of verſification, and have not added any thing of my own excepting the firſt four lines which ſerve to introduce the ſubject.*

THE

# *The* firſt BOOK *of the* TEMORA *of* OSSIAN.

(1) DAUGHTER of Toſcar from fair Lutha's land,
Bring (2) Selma's harp once more to Oſſian's hand:
The laſt of mighty Fingal's wars I ſing
For Cormac's race—green Atha's injur'd king.

Now the blue waves of Erin roll'd in light,
And morning cover'd every ſteepy height:
Dim, o'er the ſloping hills, the mantling trees
Spread their green tops, and tremble in the breeze, Grey

(1) Malvina daughter of Toſcar, chief of Lutha; She was the wife or miſtreſs of Oſcar, and after the death of that hero, continued with Oſſian at Selma and attended upon him during his age and blindneſs. Many of Oſſian's poems are addreſſed to her. *Macpherſon.*

(2) The name of Fingal's place in Morven, the north weſt part of the Highlands.

Grey torrents pour their echoing ſtreams amain
Where two ſteep hills encloſe a narrow plain.

There Atha's lord the ſullen Cairbar ſtood,
High on the banks of Lubar's winding flood;
Silent he ſtood and bent upon his ſpear,
His darkred eye confeſs'd his inward fear:
The murder'd Cormac haunts his tortur'd ſoul;
The youth's grey form in darkneſs ſeems to roll—
His ghaſtly wounds all o'er him gaping wide,
And the blood pouring from his airy ſide.

Thrice Cairbar flung his ſpear upon the ground:
Short are his ſteps: He often turns, and round
With geſtures wild, his ſinewy arm he throws
His glaring eyes declare his inward woes.

Thus

Thus the dark cloud rides o'er the deſart waſte,
Varying its form to every ſcowling blaſt;
The vales around with ſullen horror low'r,
And ſeem to dread, by turns, the whelming ſhow'r.

The king, at length, reſumes his mighty ſoul:
He lifts the pointed ſpear, and dares to roll
His threat'ning eyes o'er dark Moilena's plain,
Where lo! his watchful ſpies return amain;
They ſpurn the barren heath, outſtrip the wind,
And crouch for fear, and often look behind.

Then Cairbar knew the mighty were at hand:
He call'd his valiant chiefs — a gloomy band!
With ſounding ſteps the haughty warriors came,
At once, with dreadful light, their faulchions gleam.

There

There Morlath bold, with haughty vengeance, frown'd,
Great in the war; and ſtreaming wide around,
Hidalla's locks ſigh on the ſcowling wind:
The red-hair'd Cormar, on the ſpear inclin'd,
Rolls o'er the plain his ſidelong-looking eyes,
And in his ſoul, the coming hoſt defies;
Beneath his ſhaggy brows, wild Malthos lowr's
As a dark cloud that threatens dreadful ſhowr's:
There Foldath like a tow'ring rock, aroſe,
Whoſe huge rough ſides are beat with ſpumy ooze:
Like high Slimora's pine, the growth of years,
That braves the ſtorm, his mighty lance he rears,
On his wide ſhield the ſtrokes of war he ſhows,
And his red eye looks down upon the foes.

Theſe and a thouſand more, of equal might,
Surrounded Erin's chief and burn'd for fight,
When to the plain the trembling courier came,
The ſwift Morannal from Moilena's ſtream;
His eyes juſt ſtarting from his face appear,
While panting thus he ſpoke the words of fear.

Do Erin's chiefs, unmov'd with terror ſtand,
Like a ſtill grove, when Fingal is at hand?
Dreadful in war, the blade of Fingal gleams,
Fingal, the king of Morven's hundred ſtreams.

And haſt thou ſeen his bands (the king replies,
While deep, within his tortur'd ſoul, he ſighs)
How many are the heroes of his might?
Comes he in peace; or muſt we meet the fight?

Think not of peace, (3) he lifts the forward
lance;
As the blue meteor is its deadly glance:
Its ſteely point the blood of thouſands ſtains,
No peace he brings, O chief of Erin's plains.
Firſt, to the ſhore, with manly port he ſprung,
His thick, grey locks before the breezes ſung;
Full roſe his ſinewy limbs, as on the coaſt
Matchleſs he ſtrode, before his gloomy hoſt;
(4) The blade of Luno in his belt was bound,
That fatal blade that gives no ſecond wound;
His ſhield is dreadful as the bloody form
Of the wide moon, aſcending thro' the ſtorm.

With

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(3) Morannal here alludes to the particular appearance of Fingal's ſpear, If a man, upon his firſt landing in a ſtrange country, kept the point of his ſpear forward, it denoted in thoſe days that he came in a hoſtile manner, and accordingly he was treated as an enemy; if he kept the point behind him, it was a token of friendſhip, and he was immediately invited to the feaſt, according to the hoſpitality of the times. *Macpherſon.*

(4) This was the famous ſword of Fingal, made by Luno, a Smith of Lochlin: it is ſaid of this ſword, that it killed a man at every ſtroke, and that Fingal never uſed it, but in times of the greateſt danger. *Macpherſon.*

With him, great Morni's hero comes along,
The firſt of men; and Oſſian king of ſong.
Here Dermid ſpreads his dark-brown locks; and there
Connal ſprings forward, on his beamy ſpear.
Young Fillan bends his bow—from Moruth's ſtreams
The hunter comes—But who is he that gleams
Bright in his poliſh'd ſteel, and dreadful low'rs?
As the fierce ſtream that from the mountain pours,
He ſtrides before: The chief from Oſſian ſprung,
On his huge back his locks bright ſtreaming hung,
His keen ſpear glitter'd as he mov'd along,
Looſe in his belt he wore the threat'ning blade,
And his dark brows, thro' ſteel are half diſplay'd!
Such Oſcar is! and from his dreadful eyes,
O king of Erin, now Morannal flies.

" Fly then, from danger fly—thou feeble
man!"
The gloomy Foldath, in his wrath, began:
" Where grey Moilena's ſtreams, in ſecret,
roll,
There ſhun the war, and ſave thy little ſoul.
And has not Foldath ſeen this man of might?
Yes, I beheld him raging in the fight,
Mighty in danger Oſcar does appear,
But here are other chiefs that lift the ſpear.
King of Temora, valiant though he be,
Erin has many ſons as brave as he.
Let Foldath meet him—glorious of his force,
I'll ſtop this ſtream, though mighty, in its
courſe,
This ſpear has drunk the blood of many a field,
And ſtrong as Tura's wall is Foldath's ſhield.

Shall Foldath ſtop alone to meet the foe?
(Replies great Malthos of the gloomy brow)
And are not Morven's chiefs—a mighty hoſt,
Like many gather'd ſtreams, on Erin's coaſt?

Beneath

Beneath their ſpears the pride of Lochlin bled,
When vanquiſh'd Erin, from the battle, fled:
Shall Foldath then, that mighty heart of pride,
In equal arms, their braveſt prince abide?
Great warrior, take thy people's ſtrengthalong,
Let Malthos come, for Selma's ſonsare ſtrong:
My ſword--yet ſtain'd--was uſeful in the fight;
But who has heard me boaſt my deeds of
might?

Green Erin's ſons (Hidalla mild rejoins)
Let not your words be heard in Fingal's lines;
The foes would triumph in your vain conteſt,
And Erin's broils would fortify their breaſt:
Suffice it then, ye tempeſts of the field,
Your ſouls are brave — ye know not how to
yield;
Fearleſs, ye dare the clifty rocks engage,
And overturn the foreſts in your rage;
But in our ſtrength, collected, let us move,
As the dark cloud o'er fair Temora's grove:

Then

Then Fingal's mighty hoſt will, trembling,
ſtand,
The ſpear ſhall drop from many a valiant hand:
" We ſee the cloud of death," their hoſt will,
cry,
While o'er their face, the dreadful ſhadows fly;
Then Fingal in his age ſhall mourn, and find
His fame departed in the inconſtant wind;
His aged eyes ſhall weep his children ſlain
By Lubar's bank, on dark Moilena's plain:
No more, on Morven, ſhall his princes rove;
The moſs of years ſhall grow in Selma's grove.

Fierce Cairbar heard their words, and ſilent
ſtood
Like the ſtill horror of a ſhow'ry cloud:
Gloomy it hangs on Cromla's top, and wide
'Till the red lightening burſts its dreadful ſide;
The ſpirits of the ſtorm (while heaven's bright
beam
Darts thro' the vale) enjoy the diſmal gleam:

Thus

Thus ſtood Temora's king, who ſilence broke
At length, and thus with treacherous accent ſpoke,

On grey Moilena, let the feaſt be crown'd,
And let my hundred bards attend around;
Thou red-hair'd Olla, chief of all thy band,
Ariſe, and take the royal harp in hand:
To Oſcar, chief of ſwords, direct thy way,
Bid him partake of Cairbar's feaſt to day:
To day, we move the ſhell, the ſong we hear,
To morrow, meet in arms and break the ſpear.
Tell him that Erin's king took care to place
(5) Young Cathol's tomb, the chief of Moran's race.
That in the ſong my bards have rais'd his name
And tell him, Cairbar heard of Oſcar's fame,
When

(5) Cathol, the ſon of Moran, was murdered by Cairbar, for his attachment to the family of Cormac. He had attended Aſcar to the *war of Inis-thona*, where they contracted a great friendſhip for one another. *Macpherſon.*

When Ocean's mighty ſons he did confound,
Where Carun's torrents o'er the rocks reſound.
Then let him come nor hidden treachery fear--
My brother valiant Cathmor is not here;
He with his thouſands, yet, is diſtant far,
Few are our troops, and weak our arm in war:
Great Cathmor hates contention at the feaſt,
Immortal honour burns in Cathmor's breaſt;
Now then, now Cairbar muſt with Oſcar fight,
Chiefs of Temora's groves, green Erin's might!
Too much for Moran's ſon with threat'ning ire
He ſpoke, and Cairbar's ſoul is ſtill on fire.
Oſcar muſt fall by ſounding Lubar's flood,
And thus my dreadful fame ſhall riſe in blood.

He ſpoke: and gladneſs brighten'd every face,
His thronging heroes fill'd the circling ſpace,
On Lubar's bank the feaſt of ſhells was crown'd,
The ſong of many a bard was echo'd round,

The

The voice of joy was heard by Selma's hoſt—
We thought great Cathmor come—his people boaſt—
Cathmor the hoſpitable and the good,
Brother of red hair'd Cairbar, man of blood.
The light of Heav'n was clear in Cathmor's ſoul,
Nor in his thoughts did clouds of treaſon roll;
Sev'n paths convey'd the ſtranger to his halls,
Where Atha's ſtream bent round his tow'ry walls:
Tho' in a wood he ſpent his peaceful days,
To fly vain pomp, and ſhun the voice of praiſe;
A gentle chief was plac'd on every way,
To call the poor and ſtranger led aſtray.

Now ruddy Olla came, and roſe the ſong,
To Cairbar's feaſt brave Oſcar went along:
Three hundred warriors in bright armour gleam,
At once, they ſtride o'er vaſt Moilena's ſtream:

Their brinded dogs high bounding march before
Through the brown heath—their howling fills the ſhore.

When Fingal, king of men, beheld the chief
Bend o'er the plain, his ſoul was torn with grief:
Much did he dread the thoughts of Cairbar's breaſt,
Leſt impious murder ſhould defile the feaſt.

My dauntleſs Oſcar now was near his foes:
The ſpear of Cormac in his hand aroſe,
When, ſtrait, a hundred bards around him throng
To ſtrike the harp, and raiſe the feſtive ſong;
For Cairbar hid with ſmiles the purpos'd death;
Dark was his ſoul, and murder lurk'd beneath.

Now on the plain the feaſt is ſpread; around
The hoſt is bright with joy—the ſhells reſound:

Short

Short was their joy, as, when the king of light
Flames in the ſkies and makes the valleys bright,
The gathering cloud his golden beam deforms,
And blots the face of day with dreary ſtorms.

Red Cairbar in his gleaming arms aroſe,
While darkneſs gather'd on his dreadful brows:
The ſounding harp of every tuneful bard
Sudden ſtops ſhort—(6) the clang of ſhields is heard!
Far on the heath, with ſullen notes, and ſlow,
The vocal Olla rais'd the ſong of woe;
Then knew my ſon the deeds of death were near,
Dauntleſs he roſe in arms, and ſeiz'd his beamy ſpear.



(6) When a chief was determined to kill a perſon already in his power, it was uſual to ſignify, that his death was intended, by the ſound of a ſhield ſtruck with the blunt end of a ſpear; at the ſame time that a bard at a diſtance raiſed the *death ſong*.

*Macpherſon.*

O youthful chief! thou ſon of Morven's groves!
(Fierce Cairbar cries, as deadly forth he moves)
Why glittering in thy hand do I behold
Temora's ſpear, the boaſt of kings of old?
The death of many heroes—Erin's ſpear,
A hundred Kings in bloody war did rear;
To royal Cairbar now it does belong:
Reſign it, ſon of Oſſian, king of ſong.

Shall Oſcar, then, the ſpear of Cormac yield,
To gloomy Cairbar, tyrant of the field?
The fairhair'd Cormac gave it to my hand,
(Much injur'd king of Erin's faithleſs band!)
When Oſcar ſail'd with Selma's valiant hoſt,
And ſcatter'd Lochlin's pride on Atha's coaſt,
Rolling in death the ſons of battle bled,
And Swaran, dreadful king, from Fingal fled;
To Cormac's hall of ſhells, a welcome gueſt,
I came, the youth receiv'd me to his feaſt,

Bright

Bright was his face with joy — he gave this
beam,
The pride of kings, a pledge of high eſteem:
Nor to the weak did he the gift impart,
My arm is ſtrong, dauntleſs is my heart!
Why then does Cairbar bend his threat'ning
brow!
In that dark face I ſee no cloud of woe.
In vain, the traytors eyes of fury glare
With flames of death; for Oſcar cannot fear!
Can Oſcar tremble at thy clanging ſhield,
Or Olla's ſong far diſtant on the field?
Go frighten, with thy looks, the feeble bands;
As Cromla's rock the ſoul of Oſcar ſtands.

Wilt thou not yield the ſpear (the king
replies,
While gloomy pride grows in his haggard eyes)
So great thy words, ſo mighty doſt thou ſtand,
When Fingal, arm of terror, is at hand?
Though Morven's hundred groves his word
obey,
His might is paſt, his locks of age are grey:

Much does he vaunt his wars in many a plain;
But, truſt me, Fingal fought with little men.
Should Cairbar's blade before the chief be ſeen
(Oh had I met him when his ſtrength was green!)
Like a thin miſt on Atha's clifty waſte,
He'd melt, he'd vaniſh in the driving blaſt.

Were he that fought with little men (replies
The warlike youth) in Cairbar's way to riſe,
The haughty chief who loves in words t'engage
Would yield green Erin, to avoid his rage.
Speak not of Fingal 'till the chief be near;
Here Oſcar ſtands—on Oſcar bend thy ſpear:
Throw not, in idle words, thy wrath away,
Our ſtrength is equal for the mortal fray;
But Fingal's deeds in Erin's fields are known,
Of mortal men, the firſt in high renown.

The people ſaw their dark'ning chiefs—around,
Deep in their crowding ſteps, the rocks reſound,

The

The living fire rolls big in every eye,
And from a thouſand bladesa thouſand glances
fly.
Dreadful and huge, in dark ſuſpence they hung
While ruddy Olla rais'd the warlike ſong :
Then grew my hero's ſoul—a mighty fire—
Proud in the fight, and trembling in his ire.
Such joy was us'd his manly ſoul to move,
When Fingal's horn rebellow'd through the
grove,
Dark, in their arms, and terrible to view,
Around their chief, the hoſt of Cairbar drew,
As when the riſing ſtorm begins to roar,
And toſs the ſwelling billows on the ſhore.

Ah why Malvina, why that flowing tear!
My ſon yet ſtands, and ſhakes the dreadful
ſpear:
Many a proud warrior did my hero quell,
His arm reveng'd his death before he fell!
Lo! now they fall before his waſteful blade,
As groves ruſh headlong in the deſart ſhade,
When

When a ſtern ghoſt, through midnight darkneſs, flies,
And rends their vernal tops, and ſweeps the ſkies.
Here dauntleſs Morleth falls, unmatch'd in fight;
Morannan dies, and leaves the chearful light;
There, trembling in his blood, Conachar lies,
And Cairbar, from the blade of Oſcar flies:
Behind a ſtone, he hides his daſtard ſoul,
While, in his breaſt, unwonted horrors roll;
In ſecret, there, the murd'rous lance he threw,
Swift to my Oſcar's ſide the weapon flew:
Prone fell my hero on his boſſy ſhield;
But ſtill his knee ſuſtains him on the field:
His ſpear yet glitters in his dreadful hand,
See gloomy Cairbar drop on Lubar's ſand!
Between his frowning brows, the weapon glides,
And wide, behind, the darkred hair divides:

Stretch'd

Stretch'd huge, he lay, along the duſky tide,
As a grey rock from Cromla's ſhaggy ſide
With dire convulſion torn; when Erin ſhakes
His hoary hills, green vales, and winding lakes;
Mountains and groves come thund'ring to the plain,
And dreadful ruin ſtalks from main to main.

But ah! no more ſhall mighty Oſcar riſe!
Still bleeding on his boſſy ſhield he lies.
Diſtant and dark the ſons of Erin ſtand,
While the ſpear trembles in his dreadful hand.
Confus'd, the various ſhouts of war ariſe,
Like crowded ſtreams, or ſtorms that rend the ſkies:
Around, Moilena's rocks return the roar,
'Till Fingal heard upon the bending ſhore.
Now Selma's ſpear he graſps — the beam of death;
And, huge, he ſtrides before us on the heath:
Wars awful horrors gather on his brow:
Around he look'd, and ſpoke the words of woe —

" The noiſe of battle murmurs in mine ear:
Againſt a hoſt, young Oſcar lifts the ſpear!
Riſe, ſons of Morven, join the hero's ſword--
Inſtant we move, obedient to the word.
Firſt Oſſian ruſhes o'er the deſart heath,
Then Fillan ſprings, and aims the ſhaft of death:
The matchleſs Fingal ſtrode in all his might,
His wide orb'd ſhield emits a dreadful light:
The ſons of Erin, ſee the blaze from far,
And their ſouls tremble at the diſtant war;
They knew the wrath of Selma's king aroſe:
They ſaw th' approaching death of Fingal's foes.

We, firſt, arrive and furiouſly engage;
Erin's bold chiefs with rage withſtood our rage,
But when the king arriv'd with boundleſs force,
Horrid in arms, and ſounding in his courſe;
Confuſion crept thro' all the hoſtile band:
What arm of war, what heart of ſteel could ſtand?

All

All Erin flies o'er grey Moilena's heath,
And as they fly, their path is ſtrew'd with death.

Now to the bank of Lubar's ſtream we drew:
There leaning on his boſſy ſhields we view
The fallen chief. His blood is guſhing round,
And Cairbar's ſpear yet reeking in the wound,
A dreary ſilence round the chief appears;
The mighty turn their backs to hide their tears.
Then o'er my ſon, with woe, the king inclin'd:
His grey beard whiſtled in the ſighing wind:
In vain to hide his riſing grief he tries,
His tears guſh forth, his words are mix'd with ſighs.

And art thou fall'n, O lovely beam of light!
O Oſcar, Oſcar, arm of Fingal's might!
The heart of Selma's chief, the King of years,
Beats o'er thy wounds, and Fingal melts in tears.
Thy coming wars, thy diſtant deeds I ſee,
Thy future fame—but ah! no fame for thee!

Here doſt thou ſtop, ere half thy courſe is paſt,
And thy firſt day of glory is thy laſt,
But when ſhall joy return to Selma's halls?
When, grief depart from Morven's tow'ry walls?
Who now remains my weary age to grace!—
Fingal is left the laſt of all his race.
Already, half forgot, my fame appears:
No friend to chear me, in the vale of years.
The aged as a cloud ſhall ſit alone,
In Selma's halls—no friend to hear his moan—
No ſon in ſounding arms, return'd from fight,
Shall bleſs mine ear, when years have dimm'd my ſight!
Heroes of Morven, pour the guſhing tears
No more ſhall Oſcar riſe, the chief of ſpears.

And much they wept, O prince of Selma's grove,
For, valiant Oſcar, much, their ſoul did love.
When forth he march'd amidſt the field of blood,
The mighty vaniſh'd as a morning cloud:

In peace, when he return'd, with honour
crown'd,
Bright was their joy, and gladneſs beam'd
around.

No father mourn'd his ſon, untimely ſlain;
No brother mourn'd his brother on the plain;
The valiant fell; for them no tears did flow,
For lovely Oſcar, chief of men, was low.
His truſty dogs lay howling at his feet,
Brân and dark Luath, on the mountain, fleet;
For oft, with youthful Oſcar, had they chac'd
The roe, ſwift bounding o'er the deſart waſte.

Now Oſcar's heaving breaſt began to riſe:
Half-clos'd in death, he lifts his fainting eyes;
He ſees his friends in ſilence bending round,
And thus thro' pain his falt'ring accents ſound--

The groans of aged chiefs--fair Selma's race;
My howling dogs—companions of my chace;
The ſtrains of grief, that o'er the deſart roll,
In ſudden burſts—have melted Oſcar's ſoul:

My

My ſoul, that never us'd to melt before
'Twas like that blade, in dreadful war I bore!
Thou Oſſian, fainting with a father's care,
To Morven's hills the corſe of Oſcar bear;
There let the turf and moſſy ſtones be ſhewn:
All that is left thee of thy ſon's renown.
Let the deer's horn be near the *hunter* laid:
And place, by Oſcar's ſide, his beaming blade.
The ruſhing ſtream, that down the mountain ſtrays,
May burſt the heapy mound, in future days,
And the bold hunter ſee the clouded flame
Of Oſcar's ſword, and thus with grief exclaim--
"This dreadful blade the hand of Oſcar bore
The pride of other years, ah now no more!"

Son of my fame! my Oſcar, didſt thou fall?
Shalt thou no more be ſeen in Selma's hall?
When others hear their valiant ſons return,
Thy hapleſs ſire is left — alone to mourn.
No more I hear of thee: The moſs of years
All grey, on thy neglected tomb, appears:

The

The four huge ſtones, the bounding ſtag ſurveys:
The lonely blaſt round Oſcar's dwelling ſtrays.
No more ſhalt thou, the purple field, imbrue;
Nor, on thy hills, the darkbrown hinds purſue:
The gloomy warrior, on green Erin's ſhore,
Shall dread the fury of thy arm no more;
But when, from war, the chief returns, and boaſts
The monuments of fame, on other coaſts;
I've ſeen a tomb, with rapture, will he ſay,
Nigh where the roaring waves of Lubar ſtray--
The gloomy dwelling of a chief in war,
Whom Oſcar ſlew—the hero of the car.
If to my aged ear, his words ſhould roll;
A beam of joy will riſe in Oſſian's ſoul.

In grief, had night deſcended on the plain,
And dawning day, with grief, return'd again,
Still had we ſtood by foaming Lubar's ſide,
Like rocks, dark, frowning, o'er the deſart wide,

Their ſilent tops, all bath'd in chilly dew—
No chief had thought the battle to renew,
Had not the mighty king, fair Selma's chief
Rais'd high his voice, and check'd our ſullen grief:
And now the warriors ſtarting from their dreams,
Lift up their heads around; their moving armour gleams.

How long on dark Moilena, muſt we weep?
How long, in tears, the bank of Lubar ſteep?
No more, the warrior ſhall return to fight,
No more ſhall Oſcar riſe, in all his might,
For know the valiant, in their day muſt fall,
And leave their wonted hills, their feſtive hall.
Heroes of Morven! chiefs of high renown!
Where are our ancient ſires, in battles known!
Extinct their flames, like ſtars of other days:
We only hear the rumour of their praiſe.
In times of old, they poiz'd their glittering ſpears,
The terror and renown of better years,

Thus, chief of Morven, we muſt paſs away!
Thus muſt we fall, when we have ſhin'd our day:
Then let us, while we can, ſecure our fame,
And in th' eternal ſong inſcribe our name.
Thus Heav'n's bright beam, plung'd in the weſtern bay,
Through half the ſkies, diſplays a fainter ray,
The penſive wanderer, on the deſart waſte,
Thinks of his abſent flame, and glory paſt.

Thou Ullin, chief of all the tuneful train,
Take Fingal's bounding ſhip, and cleave the main:
To royal Selma bear the fallen chief;
Let Morven's comely daughters melt with grief:
But we, for injur'd Cormac's race, muſt wield
The ſword, and hurl the ſpear on Erin's field.
My years begin to fail; with pain, I feel
My cumb'rous arms, and ſcarce I lift the ſteel:
Low, bending, on their clouds, my fathers call
Their grey-hair'd ſon, to view the airy hall.

I come, great heroes!—But, before I go,
One parting beam, on Erin's plain, ſhall glow;
For Fingal's days muſt end, as they begun,
One ſtream of light, as heav'n's eternal ſun:
So ſhall the wond'ring bards of other days
Reſume the ſong with Fingal's glorious rays.

The grey-hair'd Ullin ſpread the milk-white ſail:
Freſh, in the ſouth, aroſe the welcome gale:
Swift, o'er the waves, he bounds to Selma's coaſt,
While hapleſs Oſſian is in ſorrow loſt:
Deep, in my throbbing heart, I hid my pain:
None heard the father in his grief complain.

Dark Cairbar's tomb a hoſt of heroes rear'd,
But o'er the treach'rous chief, no ſong was hear'd:
With deeds of death, his ſoul was cover'd o'er:
The bards remember'd Cormac in his gore:

Sullen,

Sullen, they bend; no mournful ſtrain they raiſe:
What could they ſay, in bloody Cairbar's praiſe!

Now night came rolling down, from all the ſkies,
And, from a hundred oaks, the flames ariſe:
Beneath a tree, the mighty Fingal ſate:
(7) Old Althan roſe, and told of Cormac's fate,
Althan the fallen Cormac's bard of ſong,
Cuthullin's friend, from old Conachar ſprung;
He, with his prince, did in Temora dwell,
When Semo's ſon by reedy Lego fell:
Penſive he look'd,—he told the tale of woe,
And, as he ſpoke, the tears began to flow.

The yellow beam yet gilded Dora's ſide,
And ev'ning ſhades extended far and wide;



(7) Althan, the ſon of Conachar, was the chief bard of Artho, king of Ireland. After the death of Artho, he attended his ſon Cormac, and was preſent at his death. He had made his eſcape from Cairbar, by means of Cathmor, and coming to Fingal, related, as here, the death of his maſter Cormac. *Macpherſon.*

The hoary oaks in high Temora's grove,
Bruſh'd, by th' inconſtant blaſt, began to move:
Wide, in the weſt, a gathering cloud aroſe:
A fiery ſtar through its dark margin glows.
While, gazing at th' unuſual ſight, I ſtood,
Alone, and thoughtful, in the dreary wood;
Huge, on the darken'd air, a ſpirit glides,
And ſtalks, from hill to hill, with dreadful ſtrides:
His ſhield hung, dim, upon his airy ſide:
'Twas Semo's ſon, the chief of Erin's pride:
I knew the warrior's face—but on he paſt,
With dreadful ſilence, on his groaning blaſt.
Thick darkneſs, thro' the ſkies, began to roll,
And a ſad horror crept on Althan's ſoul.
Thus, thoughtful, to the hall of ſhells I came;
A thouſand lights diſplay'd their mingled flame:
With feſtive gladneſs all the palace rung:
A hundred bards, a hundred harps, had ſtrung.

There Cormac ſtood, the ruler of the car,
In youth, as comely as the morning ſtar,
When, o'er the Eaſtern hills, it ſprings to view,
And bathes its youthful beams in ſhow'ry dew;
Silent and bright it mounts the liquid ſky;
But the dark cloud, to blot its flame, is nigh.
On royal Artho's ſword his hand he laid,
And view'd, with joy, the ſtuds that deck'd
the blade:
Thrice he eſſay'd to draw it from the ſheath,
Thrice fail'd his arm to lift the brand of death.
His lovely cheeks are ting'd with blooming red,
And his fair locks wide o'er his ſhoulders
ſpread:
The youthful beam, with ſorrow, I ſurvey'd,
For ſoon—alas! too ſoon his light muſt fade.

Althan (he ſaid, and ſmil'd with royal grace)
Didſt thou behold the fire of Cormac's race?
The ſword is weighty which in war he ſwung:
Bold muſt he be, and ſure his arm was ſtrong.

O that

O that like Artho I could meet my foes!
Like Artho, when his dreadful rage aroſe:
Then, not alone, ſhould bold Cuthullin face
The car-borne ſon of fierce Cantéla's race.
The time may come, O Althan, years may bring
An arm of might for Erin's youthful king.
But haſt thou heard where brave Cuthullin ſtays,
He that the bands of loyal Tura ſways?
The conq'ring chief from Erin's bloody fight
I wait; he promis'd to return to-night:
My hundred bards prepare their tuneful ſtrings:
My feaſt awaits him in the hall of kings.

Silent, I heard his words: a gloomy cloud
Roſe on my ſoul, and tears unwilling flow'd,
Theſe, with my aged locks, I ſtrove to hide;
But Erin's youthful king my grief deſcry'd.

He

He look'd—" Ah why that burſting grief,"
he ſaid,
" Son of Conachar! is Cathullin dead!
Why thus, in ſecret, heave thy ſtifled ſighs?
And why, thoſe copious tears, from Althan's
eyes?
Comes the dark Torlath, ruler of the car;
Or red-hair'd Cairbar, bright in arms of war?
They come: for ſtill I ſee thy ſilent grief,
And death has clos'd the eyes of Tura's chief.
Shall not young Cormac ruſh into the field?
But ah! the dreadful ſpear I cannot wield!
O had this arm the ſon of Semo's might!
Soon would the haughty Cairbar leave the
fight:
The fame of Erin's kings would be renew'd,
And other fields, with purple war, embru'd.

Thus ſpoke the king, and bent his ſound-
ing bow,
While from his eyes the tears of anguiſh flow.

The

The hundred bards, amidſt the doleful throng,
Bent, ſilent, o'er their hundred harps of ſong.
(8) Doleful and low, they heard the ſound of death;
While, from the hollow gale, a ſighing breath
Mov'd o'er the trembling ſtrings. Far on the plain,
A doleful voice, as one that groan'd with pain,
They hear: 'twas aged Carril, bard of woe,
Return'd from dark Slimora's ſhaggy brow.
He told of bold Cuthullin's deeds of might,
And how the prince was ſlain in Erin's fight;
How his ſad chiefs the heroes tomb ſurround,
While their bright arms lie ſcatter'd on the ground:
The brave forget the plain, embru'd with gore,
For he, the fire of battle is no more.

Then

(8) That prophetic ſound, mentioned in other poems, which the harps of the bards emitted before the death of a perſon worthy to be noted, is here an omen of the death of Cormac, which ſoon after followed. *Macpherſon.*

Then adds the tuneful bard—but, who are
thoſe?
Dauntleſs they ruſh along, like bounding roes:
Their comely ſtature, like young trees that
grew
In a rich valley, fed with ſhow'ry dew:
Their downy cheeks, a blooming crimſon
dyes;
And their brave ſouls, look fearleſs in their
eyes.
Who may they be, if not the youthful beams
Of mighty Uſnoth, chief of Etha's ſtreams?
On every ſide, the riſing people throng
As a wide flame, that rag'd with fury, long,
Amidſt the hoary grove, and curl'd on high;
Now, half extinct, its dreadful glories lie:
If chance, with ruſtling wing, the wand'ring
blaſt
Fly o'er the foreſt, from the diſtant waſte;
Sudden, the dark-brow'd hill burſts forth
with light;
While (ſmit with wonder at the awful ſight)

On the wide main the mariner delays;
The fair gale, uſeleſs, in his canvas plays.

The warriors heard the ſound of Caithbat's
ſhield,
And Nathos ſeem'd Cuthullin in the field
So roll'd his ſparkling eyes, the flames of death:
Such were his ſteps, high-bounding on the
heath.
The fight by Lego's waves, was now renew'd,
And Nathos' ſword, the haughty foes ſubdu'd.
And ſoon ſhalt thou behold the valiant gueſt,
O king of Groves, in high Temora's feaſt.

May Cormac ſoon the valiant chief behold,
Rejoin'd the King (and, full of ſweetneſs, roll'd
His large blue eyes) but ſtill—ah ſtill I feel
The loſs of Semo's ſon, the prince of ſteel:
For pleaſant was his voice in Cormac's ear:
Together, oft, we chac'd the dark-brown deer
On Dora's height: his ſhaft was never known
To fail—he told me tales of high renown:

Oft would he tell my father's deeds of fame,
Till, in my breaſt, I felt the riſing flame.
But thou, O Carril, in the feaſt rejoice:
Oft have I heard the muſic of thy voice:
Take now the harp, Cuthullin's praiſe to ſing,
And Nathos' deeds, the ſon of Etha's king.

Now, on Temora, joyful morn aroſe,
While the wide Eaſt with beams of radiance glows:
Young Crathin in the feſtive hall appears,
Gellama's ſon, the chief of other years:
O King of Erin, cries the youth, in haſte,
I ſaw a cloud move o'er the deſart waſte,
A wide, extended cloud it ſeem'd from far,
But now, a hoſt in glittering arms of war.
One ſtrides with might, and leaves the reſt behind,
His thick red hair flies ſtreaming on the wind:
His ſhield reflects the ſun's new-kindled beams
And in his hand the ſpear of terror flames.

Go call him to the feaſt (with brightning eyes,
The youthful king of high Temora cries)
In Cormac's hall, at home, the ſtranger dwells:
O Crathin, call him to the feaſt of ſhells.

Hail, mighty ſtranger, welcome to the feaſt!
Art thou of Cormac's friends, thou princely
gueſt?
But, Carril, ſee! he graſps the deadly blade,
And gloomy frowns, his eyes of fury ſhade.
Is this the chief of mighty Uſnoth ſprung!
O tell me, aged Carril, ſon of ſong!

Starting with dread, the hoary bard begun,
Ah how unlike the warlike Uſnoth's ſon!
O lovely youth! 'tis thine and honour's foe,
Cairbar, the tyrant of the gloomy brow.
Why in Temora, chief of dreadful eyes,
Art thou in arms! Let not thy ſword ariſe
Againſt thy king!—Let not young Cormac
bleed!
Ah whither turns the tyrant in his ſpeed!

Dreadfu-

Dreadful, in ſilence, through the hall he
ſtrode;
With riſing rage his deadly eye-balls glow'd;
He ſeiz'd young Cormac's hand, as on he drew,
And now the youth his bloody purpoſe knew.

"Go, Atha's lord: retire, unmanly chief!
Victorious Nathos comes to my relief:
Bold, in my hall, is Cairbar's arm of war;
For Cormac's mighty friends are diſtant far."

While thus he ſpoke, the tyrant, ſtern,
apply'd
The murd'rous weapon to his guiltleſs ſide,
And thruſt with ruthleſs fury—down he falls,
And writhes in death, amidſt his father's halls.
His comely locks lie mangled on the ground,
And pouring from his ſide, his blood is
ſmoaking round.

And has thy blood the halls of Erin dy'd,
O ſon of noble Artho! Carril cry'd;

The

The ſhield of brave Cuthullin was not there!
No hero nigh, to lift thy father's ſpear!
Green Erin's hills reſound with ſtrains of woe,
For Cormac, chief of all their ſtreams is low.
Long may thy ſoul enjoy the ſoaring blaſt,
For ſoon the glory of thy youth is paſt.

Red Cairbar heard his voice; with rage he frown'd;
The ſongful bards, in durance dark, he bound;
Though great his wrath, he fear'd to lift his ſword;
Yet reeking with the murder of his lord.
Long had we pin'd, in the dark cave, alone,
Till noble Cathmor came, and heard our moan:
On gloomy Cairbar, ſtern, he turns his eyes,
And thus, with frowning wrath, the hero cries.

Shame of thy race, and grief of Cathmor's foul!
Thy ſecret thoughts in blood and murder roll!

When

When will thy breaſt, hard as the rocky ſtone,
Some ſacred thing revere—ſome pity own?
With ſhame, thy faithful brother mounts the car,
Adopts thy cauſe, and ſhines in Erin's war:
Sprung of one ſire, our ſouls are not the ſame,
And thy dark deeds obſcure my growing fame:
Weak is thy arm to meet the hoſts of might—
But Cathmor muſt a brother's battles fight.
My fame in future times ſhall not be known,
No voice will tell of Cathmor's high renown;
The bard will paſs in ſilence o'er my grave;
Perhaps he'll ſay, with ſighs—the chief was brave,
Strong was his arm, and dauntleſs in the field;
But, in dark Cairbar's cauſe, he ſtruck the ſhield.
Meanwhile, my brother, looſe the bards of ſong;
Sacred to future time's the tuneful throng;
Thro' diſtant days th' eternal ſong ſhall ſound,
When high Temora's kings no more are found.

Soon

Soon as he ſpoke, we ſaw the chearful light,
And the bold hero,* dreadful in his might,
Such as thy youth, O Fingal, did appear
When thou, at firſt, didſt lift the warlike ſpear.
No cloud of darkneſs gather'd on his brows;
Bright, in tranſcendent majeſty, he roſe:
Bold, with his thouſands, forth he ruſh'd to war,
To aid red Cairbar, ruler of the car:
Such now he comes, t'avenge his brother's death,
O king of Morven, on Moilena's heath.

Let Cathmor come—ſo great a foe I love,
Reply'd the mighty King of Selma's grove;
The ſoul of Cathmor is a living flame;
Strong is his arm—his wars are full of fame.
The little ſoul is like a cloud that feeds
From duſky vapours, on the lake of reeds:
To the green hills it never dares to riſe,
Leſt the rough blaſt ſhould tear it as it flies:

In

* Cathmor

In the dark cave it dwells, a ſullen breath,
And through the valley pours a flood of death.
Our riſing heroes ſeem—O chiefs of might,
Like Selma's ancient kings, renown'd in fight,
In youth they lift the ſpear,--they bravely die,
And in the glorious ſong aſcend the ſky:
But Fingal, now, who broke a hundred ſpears,
Dark'ning, deſcends, amidſt his feeble years:
Yet muſt not Fingal drop without his fame,
Like an old tree, acroſs a ſecret ſtream;
The hunter eyes it in the nameleſs vale,
As prone it lies, beneath the ſcowling gale:
" How fell that antient tree," he lightly cries,
And, whiſtling, o'er the craggy mountain hies.

Ye bards of Morven, raiſe the joyful ſtrain,
And let our ſouls forget the purple plain:
Heav'ns ſilent flames behold us from on high;
On their thin clouds, deſcending thro' the ſky,
Soon will grey morning come, with orient beam,
And ſhew us Cormac's foes, by Lubar's ſtream,

Thou, dark-hair'd Fillan, ſon of Fingal, hear
Gird on thy arms, and take thy father's ſpear;
Haſte to the dark-brown Mora's cliffy ſide,
And Cathmor's courſe obſerve, green Erin's pride:
Let thine eyes travail o'er the dreary heath,
Obſerve the foes of Fingal—arm of death!
A diſtant ſound I hear upon the blaſt,
As huge rocks, tumbling in the deſart waſte;
But let thy clanging ſhield, at times, reſound,
Leſt Cathmor's hoſt, by night, the king ſurround.
Why ſhould my name be blotted from the ſong!
Why ſhould my beam be dark that blaz'd ſo long!
My ſon, I now begin to be alone;
I dread the fall of Morven's grey renown.

The voice of bards aroſe, o'er all the field,
While mighty Fingal lean'd on Trenmor's ſhield:

Soft

Soft ſleep deſcended on his aged eyes,
And in his dreams, his future battles riſe:
Around, the hoſt are laid, in ſoft repoſe,
The dark-hair'd Fillan eyes the diſtant foes;
Up the brown hill he bounds, on Fingal's ſpear,
From far, at times, his clanging ſhield we hear.

THE END